

# History of the Lolo Trail and the Nez Perce Indians

Newspaper Articles by John (Jack) P. Harlan et al  
1921-1938

*The Lolo Trail and Nez Perce History*  
*Lewis and Clark Trail*  
*Lolo Motorway*  
*Lewis and Clark Highway*

**FIRST EDITION**

**Compiled with Research Comments and Endnotes  
by**

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### Cover Photo

**Last Surviving Plaque placed by Jack Harlan and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Now displayed at the Lolo Pass Visitor Center**

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and Larry Jones (Contributor)

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## Preface to the First Edition

Larry Jones first brought these articles to my attention in the summer of 1998 and provided me with photocopies of some of the articles. This Monograph grew out of those beginnings to provide the interested reader with access to Jack Harlan's Lolo Trail articles. I am not sure if we have all the articles but I believe most of them are here. I appreciate Larry's help with this project and all the other help he has given me over the years.

As I read Harlan's articles and began to notice the inaccuracies and misunderstandings within, it caused me to pause and think about the conditions under which he was trying to provide information about Lewis & Clark, the Nez Perce, and the Lolo Trail. In his time, there was no road over the route so he had to use the Bird-Truax Trail of 1866. The road was not completed until 1935. He also had no access to high quality maps or aerial photos or satellite images. In 1925, GIS and GPS were still over five decades into the future. I will make comments on his misinformation but it is by no means a criticism of his efforts in difficult conditions.

The comments about Nez Perce culture are not in keeping with today's thinking but it is not for us to judge the past with the cultural mores of the present. Therefore, I have not indulged in commenting on his opinions. They are only opinions, and they are his, not mine.

Concerning accuracy of the trail and campsite locations, I feel free to comment and pass along my many years of research and inferences about locations. I had the many advantages that Harlan did not.

Please feel free to contact me about what you read in this monograph.  
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Enjoy!

Steve F. Russell  
May 25, 2004  
Ames, Iowa



## Introduction

John (Jack) P. Harlan wrote several articles for the Clearwater Republican and Clearwater Tribune newspapers on the Nez Perce, Lolo Trail, and Lewis and Clark Trail in the 1920s and 1930s. In 1921, he was county assessor for Clearwater County and also did land and timber cruising for the Northern Pacific Railroad on the eastern “checkerboard ownership” land of Clearwater County. The newspaper reported that his diary and photographs would be published by a “certain publisher,” but I have been unable to locate a copy, and it may have never been published.

The value of Mr. Harlan’s articles are in their reporting of the viewpoints of his time of the Nez Perce Tribe and their connection to the Lolo Trail. He also brings to light that three plaques were placed along the trail. He did the placement and the Daughters of the American Revolution provided them. There are so many inaccuracies in his reporting of places along the Lolo Trail that they are of minimal value in current Lolo Trail research but they are interesting for there documentation of the ideas of his time.

At the time of Harlan’s journal writing, it is interesting to note that the idea of preservation was on their mind. It is noted in the comments about the stone cairns with the plaques will “preserve for future generations one of the most historic trails in this nation.”

One of us (Russell) has added endnotes to the document that reflect his ongoing research on the Lolo Trail and the route of Lewis and Clark.

## Newspaper Articles

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*\*Clearwater Republican, July 1, 1921, page 1, column 3*

### **HARLAN TO MARK THE LOLO TRAIL.**

#### **Will leave Orofino July fifth for Extreme Eastern End of Clearwater County.**

Jack Harlan, county assessor, will leave July 5 for the extreme eastern end of Clearwater county. His purpose is to make a cruise of land owned in this county by the Northern Pacific railroad. The work will require two months of time. Mr. Harlan will be accompanied by his son, George, and by Alvin Wilson, the well-known Weippe packer, who will use his pack horses to carry the party and their equipment. The trip will be made over the Lolo trail, which was used by Lewis & Clark when they came west to explore the old Oregon country in 1805.

Mr. Harlan has read extensively on the travels of these famous explorers and has located all but two of their camping places. He will take with him the journal made by Lewis & Clark while on their journey westward. This document will be used to verify the various stopping places. Each one will be marked for posterity with a stone cairn, which is an engraving in wood indicating the exact spot and date on which the Lewis & Clark party stopped to camp. Photographs will also be taken of each spot. In addition, he will keep a daily journal of his travels and give present-day descriptions of the several localities, indicating the changes, if any, that have been wrought by time and weather. A certain publisher, learning of Mr. Harlan's trip, has already offered to publish his diary and the accompanying photographs [§1].

The observations of Mr. Harlan will have great value for historical writers. The Lolo trail is historic ground, but it is a part of our national history that has been neglected by writers. The famous trail has now become almost forgotten. Once it was the best path across the Rockies. It was established by Nez Perce Indians, who blazed it many generations ago in order that they might make annual expeditions to Montana for the year's supply of buffalo. As buffalo have for forty years become practically extinct, the Indians have ceased to travel that way, with the result that the Lolo trail has ceased to be used. As the trail is now almost inaccessible except by resort to great expense, magazine writers have not ventured to explore it. Mr. Harlan's journal will fill a long-felt want, and his stone cairns will preserve for future generations one of the most historic trails in this nation. This work will deserve the praise of all who are interested in the preservation of the proposed markings.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, August 26, 1921, p. 1, c. 4*

### **HARLAN MAKES INTERESTING TRIP**

John P. Harlan, county assessor, John Swanson, timber estimator, and compassman Adolph Johnson, returned from the eastern part of Clearwater county on Wednesday, where they had been cruising lands belonging to the Northern Pacific Railway Company, in order to place a

proper valuation for assessment purpose on the railroad holdings. Mr. Harlan's report will be published later.

Swanson and Johnson went in via Rivolet [§2], Montana and Harlan traveled over the famous Lolo Trail on his way toward Fish Lake [§3], where a meeting point was arranged. The party returned via Chamberlain meadows, and Pot Mountain, crossing the North Fork at the Bungalow thence to the Oxford headquarters of the forest service and from the latter point through Pierce to Orofino.

Mr. Harlan has gathered considerable data concerning the Lewis and Clark expedition over portions of the Lolo Trail, which we hope to furnish our readers in a later issue.

At several points on his route, where camping places of the Lewis and Clark party were positively located by Mr. Harlan, he started the erection of loose rock monuments to mark these historic stopping places. On the sites of these crude monuments [§4] Mr. Harlan placed the following notices: "To the memory of Lewis and Clark," "Let they who read this and appreciate the growth of a nation, place a stone on this pile that it may become a monument fitting the occasion."

These notices were placed where Mr. Harlan went in and on his return the work of constructing these monuments was noticed to have commenced and in time, no doubt, these stone markers will assume large proportions.

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*\*Clearwater Republican. September 9, 1921, p. 1, c. 3-4; p. 8, c. 1-4*

## **WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF EARLY HISTORY OF THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

The Republican is pleased to give space to a historical sketch of the Lolo trail and Nez Perce Indians, as pictured and written by J. P. Harlan than whom no person in Clearwater county is more capable to perform so valuable a service. Mr. Harlan is well read on these matters and his late trip over the old Lolo trail fits him to give much unwritten history of this trail and pass used long before Lewis and Clark crossed the Rockies in 1804. Following is the first installment by Mr. Harlan:

It is indeed a magic charm that pervades the human mind when one severs the bonds of conventional society and mounts the hurricane deck of a cayuse and "hits the trail" across a stretch of natural primeval mountain domain. Or can it be that the lure of the trail is a dormant instinct reverting back to primordial times when our forbears lived in primitive environments and obeyed the "call of the wild" when impulses seized them?

Bur be it as it may, even more engrossing to the human mind ate the thoughts that live again in retrospection as one views an old, well-worn trail and ponders o'er its history, and in fancy sees again the phantom hosts, either Indian or white who trod it long before; and reflect on the myriads of feet of man and beast that leave worn the deep ruts, scuffed the (trees) or bared the rocks along its route. And contemplate the change of destiny for one race; the growth of

empire for another.

Such food for thought is this old Nez Perce Indian trail; later called the Lolo [§5].

It is with a feeling of sobered respect I take up the history of this old trail. For trail it is in the most restricted sense of the word, and as such will ever remain. Its climatic conditions and inhospitable fastnesses forbid its being broadened into a highway. No modern railway project will ever degrade its lofty and rugged nature by girding its rock ribbed ridges with bands of steel. Nor will any idle swain glide o'er its course lolling of the soft upholstery of a modern touring car.

It never was and never will be an abiding place where one may "sit by the side of the road, while the race of men go by," for they have passed. And the causes which actuated them are memories of deeds unwritten by the Red man, or deeds recorded for the White man.

They who again would travel this trail, must do so in the same old fashioned manner. They needs must be men or women who are willing to sacrifice or forego comforts and conveniences of modern travel. Possess some of the physical stamina and grit of the long ago. Of this I am exceedingly glad. May it ever remain a trail sacred to the memory of the early untutored Red man and the intrepid pathfinding explorers. A remaining link of primitive highway between the present and the past.

In giving the story of this old trail and getting back to its beginnings it is necessary to go into some speculative or analogous history. It is interesting to take a close up view of the people who first made this trail. Their history is a part of its history and their story is a part of the history of Clearwater county.

The Chopunnish, meaning Pierce Nose (French Nez Perce), were a canoe and fish eating Indian that had migrated up the Columbia from nearer the coast and long made their habitat in the territory from the mouth of Snake river up to and including the Wallowa valley on the Oregon side, the Salmon river and its tributaries up to the big canyon above and including the Little Salmon, and all the Clearwater river and its tributaries.

The Lewis and Clark memoirs gives the numbers and locates them as follows: The Choppunish nation, resided on the Kooskoos Kee river (Clearwater) below the North Fork river and including the Potlatch, numbered 2000 souls.

The Pelloatpallah band of the Choppunish, above the forks of the North Fork, and the tributaries to their sources and sometimes as far as the Rocky mountains, numbered 1600 souls.

The Kimooenim band resided on the Snake from the mouth of the Clearwater up to the Salmon river, numbered 250.

The Choppunish of the Snake river resided on either side from the mouth of the Clearwater to the Columbia, numbered 2300. The total number as thus computed was 8250 souls.

The Wallowa band of the Choppunish resided in that valley. The Soyennom band of Choppunish, resided on the Salmon river up to the big canyon above the Little Salmon and included the Little Salmon, numbered 400.

They lived in communal lodges, during most of the seasons of the year, from one to twenty families in a lodge. The lodges were built of poles reinforced with willow and covered with matting made of rushes and the long straw of rye and bunch grass. Some of these lodges were of necessity large affairs - 120 feet long by 25 feet wide. The fires were made at the center, under an opening in the roof, for the smoke. The number of fires determined the number of families. There was little or no privacy in these lodges. But the occupants were mostly relatives of the feminine side of families. There also were individual teepee lodges made of skins.

Their covering and clothing consisted of skins dressed with the hair on for covering, or hair off for clothing. A man's dress was a loose shirt coming below the hips, a pair of chap like leggings and moccasins. For further ornament they used an otter skin hung at the neck, that was about six inches wide and three feet long, and sometimes they wore a fur cap. A chief when he wished to appear in full regalia would wear a bear claw necklace and a few rosettes and tippets of scalps and a few of the fingers and toes of the enemies slain in combat. This was not common, but it was a few of the extra lugs he could put on.

The continuation of this interesting story will appear in next week's issue.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, September 16, 1921, p. 1, c. 1-2*

**WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF EARLY HISTORY OF THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**  
**Pictured and Written by J. P. Harlan, Giving a Graphic Description of Early Day Events.**  
*(Continued from last week)*

The women dressed in a shirt like garment that fit loosely and reached below the knees and leggings and moccasins. It might be ornamented with gaudy colored porcupine quills wrought in fancy patterns, feathers and elk teeth. They sometimes wore a hat made from bark and fiber. The children were dressed much the same. In summer they all dressed more negligee. After they began trading with the whites they obtained beads, and the clothing of both sex was often highly ornamented with them. Like other tribes, the Nez Perce remained skin dressed until the fur traders came among them. Then they soon became blanket Indians, using the blanket for an outer covering, but they used skins up to later times, let me not forget, it was a piece of sea shell fastened in the nose which gave them the name of Pierce Nose or Nez Perce. Shortly after the advent of the whites they quit this custom.

The principal diet of the Nez Perce at this time was fish, roots and meat, the dependency in the order named. The salmon made their annual runs into all their streams. They were taken in great quantities and prepared by drying for the rest of the season's use. They procured their fish by dip nets, traps, spears and hooks.

The dip nets were made of a pole with a willow and fiber net. Fish nets or weirs were made of poles and stakes interlaced with willow switches, with flaring outwings where the fish were impounded and taken out by dip nets or spears.

Their spears were long light poles with two slender prongs, at one end, two pieces of hard wood, like yew (or iron when they got it), were shaped and sharpened and a piece of buckhorn split in two and each half hollowed out and the end of the two halves wrapped tightly with tendon about one end of the sharpened stick, at the same time wrapping in a thong of buckskin. The other end of the buckhorn making the spear head, was still more hollowed out so as to fit tightly over the ends of the prongs and the long buckskin thong was tied back of the prongs. The spear was cast by throwing or jabbing. The spear heads would pass through a fish, the prongs withdrawn, leaving the thongs to hold the fish while landing it. The Indian was clever in handling the spear.

Their fish hooks were made of buckhorn by toughening in hot water, shaping, sharpening and bending it while hot. A fish line was made of fiber of root, several shreds being twisted together.

The Nez Perce of this early time, and when Lewis and Clark came among them, were very expert canoemen. Clark relates this in an instance. He was down the river on what is now the Chase farm, opposite the mouth of the North Fork, where he had found suitable timber to make their large canoes, in which to finish their trip to the coast. He and his party started back up the river for their camp a short ways below the mouth of Ford's creek. Two Indians with their canoe started about the same time and arrived in time to set the party across the river.

Their canoes were of the Chinook type, and made by burning, scraping and hewing, and were light and serviceable, being mostly made of cedar, but pine was often used. They propelled their canoe upstream by poling and down by paddling. They used the canoe in fishing, in visiting their fish weirs and moving their abodes up and down rivers when not moving overland. They could not visit all their fish weirs by canoe. One of their best fishing places was where they had weirs was near the head of the Lochsa, which they visited by traveling the old Lolo trail.

The two principal root diets were kamas (or quamash) and kouse. Kamas grew abundantly in the open meadows of the timbered areas, Weippe being one of the greatest summer camping places when gathering this root. The Grangemont Meadows were frequented and much grew in the Craig Mountain section and Kamas Prairie. Kouse grew more along the breaks of the valleys. Potlatch creek was a favorite place for it. It was a very laborious and tedious process to gather enough of these roots and prepare them for winters use. There were many other roots and plants eaten by these Indians and berries were gathered and prepared for storage. In pinched food periods a certain moss of the trees and inner bark of the pine was eaten. All the details of this will not be followed out in this article.

Meat was another favorite diet they procured when they could. Deer and elk belonged to the same habitat with them. But the crude weapons in use by them at the time made it hard and uncertain to obtain the quantity desired. They resorted to strategy of various kinds to get

within range with their arrows. In winter a large party would get on snowshoes and attempt to encircle a bunch of deer or elk and when the snow was deep enough to hamper the actions of their quarry they would be quite successful in making a good kill. But the winters were frequently unfavorable for this.

Another favorite trick was to fix up the head of the deer with all the fore part of the skin attached. The neck was made to look natural by a set of hoops fitting inside. An Indian would conceal himself in the remaining skin, place himself on the edge of an opening near a thicket in sight of deer and then go through the maneuvers of a deer feeding. Some times other Indians would camouflage themselves in the thicket. The decoy might bring the game up close, then the Indians concealed would let drive their arrows and make their kill.

After the Nez Perce obtained the pony, they used it in the chase of deer and elk. But this could only be done in the open country, much of their land being rough and broken or timbered, their skill would be very limited through this method.

The continuation of this interesting story will appear in next week's issue of the Republican.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, September 23, 1921, p. 1, c.3-4; p.8, c. 1-4*

**WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF EARLY HISTORY OF THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**  
**Pictured and Written by J. P. Harlan, Giving a Graphic Description of Early Day Events.**  
*(Continued from last week)*

We can easily understand that our Nez Perce friends has no easy time in supplying themselves with the necessities of life. There were many lean seasons for these old children of nature, when the gaunt spectre of hunger hovered about the lodges, but their stoical nature inured to hardships and their generosity towards one another pulled them through by their sharing their very last. It is not strange that they would eat almost anything that was digestible. The intestines of big game or the foetus was not wasted. Lewis tells of the Shoshones when he came among them, were in such dire stress of hunger that when a deer was killed these Indians would seize the intestines, pull them to pieces and eat them raw, using the fore finger and thumb to work back the objectionable matter as they gulped them down. The Nez Perce seldom ever resorted to eating his ponies. They also had dogs but never ate them. Lewis and Clark and party were the first to eat dog in what is now Idaho, when camped on the Clearwater Oct. 10th, 1805, opposite the mouth of the Snake on their way to the coast. The meagre supplies they were able to obtain from the Indians compelled them to do so. They here swapped a few beads and brass trinkets for a few dogs and dined on them. Dog was a regular article of diet after this, and Gass, who kept a diary, said that the party got so they much preferred stewed dog to fish.

Very few of the Indian tribes had well defined boundary lines between them. They set up a vague claim to territory claiming a possessory right by use, and maintaining by force as long as possible. These territorial claims frequently overlapped and poaching on another's game reserves was common among the tribes in or bordering on the buffalo country and wars raged

among them at times in consequence. The Pahkees (Minaterees) roamed over territory from the mouth of the Yellowstone to the head of the Missouri River. The Blackfeet joined them somewhere along the north. The Ootlashoots and the Tushepahs of the Flathead nation lived along the Clark's fork and its tributaries and claimed a big part of the headwaters of the northern branches of the Missouri, but this last named territory they were unable to hold against the much stronger tribes, the Blackfeet and Pahkees. The Lemhi band of the Shoshones lived on the upper reaches of the Salmon river and claimed the headwaters of the Missouri to as far as the Great falls, but they, too, were frequently put out of the country on the Missouri by the same Pahkees and Blackfeet. There were no Buffalo west of the headwaters of the Missouri. Sometimes the buffalo would migrate to the headwaters of the Snake.

The Nez Perces well knew of the buffalo and the buffalo country long before they had possession of the pony. The country was across the Rocky Mountains from them over very high intervening mountains, and it is not likely they would travel this distance much and take the chances necessary to invade the buffalo country on foot. The pony was indispensable to the Nez Perce in getting over to the buffalo country, in carrying him and his effects, to assisting him in the chase of the buffalo in carrying back any quantity of jerked meat and hides so badly needed by him and his people, and last but not least, to safely and quickly get out of the buffalo country when danger threatened from his enemy, the powerful and fierce Pahkee and Blackfoot, when the number in his enterprise was too small to cope with this enemy. The Nez Perce could put up no claim to any part of the buffalo country, but by espousing the cause of the Tashepah and Ootlashoot and treating with the Lemhis, which the Nez Perce did, he got access to this big game country.

It is interesting to hear some of the old legendary tales told by the Indian descendants of these old trail hiking warriors who took their lives in their hands and made the trip into the land of the Pahkee and Blackfoot. Men, women and children with their ponies would often take this trip into the big game country and if they could get along through diplomacy all well and good, but if they couldn't they either had to fight or make their getaway. Some times their enterprise failed and they lost about everything, but more times they were successful for our Nez Perce friends were good fighters and finished diplomats among their kind.

It was the desire for the buffalo and the advent of the pony that really made the old Lolo trail. These two made it an active trail up to the demise of the buffalo. To be sure the trail was used to get to the fish weirs and perhaps was used for this to some extent before the pony came among the Indians, but I maintain there would be no active use for the trail until they had the assistance of the horse.

Just when the pony came into use among the Nez Perces is a mooted question. The horse is not a native of this continent. He was first brought over from Europe by the early Spanish explorers. The plains of Texas, New Mexico and adjacent territory teemed with the mustang in the very latter part of the sixteenth century. In old Mexico the horse began his career in 1520. The Indians in close proximity to the Spaniards and the wild horses soon acquired the use of the horse. Their modes of life changed accordingly. They found it easier to acquire their livelihood by the chase, their scope of habitat increased by bounds; they became very nomadic; they came in contact with other tribes who soon felt the advantages of the horse and there



began a general bartering among the different tribes and Spaniards. Bartering was not fast enough to acquire the horses so they would steal them in droves and drive them farther north only to be robbed of them by other tribes.

Wherever recorded history breaks in on the mountain and plain Indian this was going on, and all these tribes became known as pony Indians. This propensity for pony stealing was just as strong in our Nez Perce friends as any of the other tribes. They made forays on the tribes to the south of them, the Shoshones. They fought them, thrashed them and took their ponies whenever they could, which was frequent. Pony stealing was one of the greatest causes of shinties and combats among the Indians in general than any other one thing.

It is likely that the very early dawn of the seventeen century found the Nez Perce in possession of ponies or cayuses as they were called later. They would breed rapidly under such favorable circumstances as existed in the great northwest. Lewis speaks of an Indian chief who resided on a branch of the Salmon river, who had so many ponies he could not possibly count them. An Indian's wealth was computed by the number of ponies he had. This was in 1805.

There was no rigidly established civil government over them. They had as easy resting tribal democracy, uniting them by common interests and acquiesced in by mutual consent. Seldom if ever was the individual compelled to do more for the common weal of the nation than what he volunteered; and there was no legal codes to punish him if he did not carry it out in full. But if certain factions, or individuals, persisted in slacking, or were too remiss in their duty to the welfare of the tribe, they were shunned by others or ostracized from tribal protection and became outcasts - the recalcitrants becoming known as renegades.

They had recognized leaders or chiefs directing them. A chief acquired his position through his ability as a strategist, counselor or diplomat. Also for deeds of valor in battle or in hunting. The strategist, counselor and diplomat were the ones who had the most far-reaching authority and power over the rest of the nation and their power and authority was obeyed and maintained as long as they obtained and as long as they obtained proper results for all. A few failures and their power waned. It was true with them that nothing succeeded so much as success. Thus the wily strategist and adroit had to be men of no mean ability if they held their jobs.

The chiefs of minor degree were those who obtained their positions through some valorious deed. Bravery was the greatest attribute an Indian could have. One of the most accomplished warriors who was able to slay the most in battle and could display the most scalps as a testimony of the accomplished was created a chief among the bravest of the brave. The lesser degrees of similar merit were the killing of a grizzly bear or the successful theft of a bunch of cayuses single handed. These exploits gave them the right to change their names fitting the occasion. Thus a chief might be known among them by several names. Many of the chiefs were named for some physical defect or pronounced trait of character in his local community.

In any movement affecting the general welfare of the nation or tribe they used the referendum and questions settled in public assembly. One of the great assembly grounds where big pow wows were held was near the present town of Cottonwood on Camas prairie. Here would the people take council together lead by their chiefs in open debate. Consensus of opinion

governed their conclusions and the minority acquiesced in the deliberations. The fear of being branded a coward was one of the greatest impelling forces that made them unanimous in the prosecution of an enterprise.

They possessed a simple but effective code of signals, signs and unwritten messages. Signal fires would notify them of impending danger, the place for rendezvous, the trail to take, etc. Signs along the trail would inform those following the direction taken and place of meeting those preceding. These messages would consist of sticks and stones so laid and piled that it conveyed a meaning to them.

On the highest eminence, 7035 feet, on the old Lolo trail is a mountain known as Indian Postoffice where the remnants of a great number of these messages may still be found [§6]. Lewis and Clark speak of stopping on their way back to the states in 1806 at a pile of these stones five or six feet high with a pole in the center [§7]. Their Nez Perce guides made the request to stop and smoke. This large pile seemed to have a religious meaning to them [§8]. Perhaps in silent communion they invoked the Great Manitou to attend their enterprise with success and deliver them in safe return from the fierce Pahkee or Blackfoot. This large pile of stone can be seen yet, but has been torn down by whites seeking curios or information. There are many small piles scattered over this mountain that are messages. Near the highest part of this mountain we started a monument of stone with a stake in the center giving the legend of this mountain and dedicated it to the Indian requesting that they who read this place another stone on the pile that it may become a fitting monument to a fine type of the Indian race.

Lewis and Clark said that the Nez Perce had a higher standard of morality than any of the tribes they came among. Other authorities bear them out and let me add in my observation of the many different tribes I have been among over the greater part of the west I have never found as high a type of Indian, physically, mentally and morally as the Nez Perce of today.

The old Nez Perce was absolute lord in his family. He was not attached to his wife by marriage ties, an indulgent father. They were seldom punished and the boy soon became his own master. But his wife and daughters were his property as much as his horse. He could barter them for any purpose he saw fit but be it to his credit he never resorted to any of the revolting practices found among the early Sioux, Minaterees, Blackfeet, and others. Though the marital code bound him lightly he seldom resorted to a plurality of wives. And many were the real romances of mating them and the law of affinity guided their actions where the family ties were too sacred to be severed by false illusions.

The woman's lot was a laborious one though. She was a menial where incessant toil beset her. The struggle for existence impelled. But her mate had no small chore hunting, fishing and warring. Thus were they employed when the memorable expedition of Lewis and Clark found them, and our nation owes much to these Indians for their help and treatment extended to these explorers as we shall see as we go on.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, Sept. 30, 1921, p. 10, c. 1-5*

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## HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS

Written by Jack Harlan

The old Nez Perce Indian had no tools or farm implements. He did no farming; he built no trails with tools. A stone implement about two inches wide and six inches long, made of flint or obsidian, and brought to an edge by chipping and grinding, and used in the manner of a chisel, was his nearest approach to an ax. For a wedge, he used the large end of an elk or buck horn, shaped and annealed in hot water.

Extensive and modern trail building was out of his power. Yet he had many trails leading to various places in the Clearwater country. He was compelled to seek the routes of least resistance to travel. These, as we find, were along the river courses, when not too precipitous, and through the open meadow ways, bordering the creeks in the timbered areas. As he neared the mountains, the creeks and rivers became too much obstructed with timber, or the slopes too steep and broken by cliffs and strewn with talus or making into walled canyons, forbidding further progress. To avoid this he took to the more open tops of the ridges, "hog backs," high water-sheds and over the tops of many high mountains, where no chopping or grading was required. These routes were kept open and improved by burning. Most of them were originally game trails. But all were here, such as they were, long before the advent of any white man, in the locality.

Though we speak of the early Indians as being the first trail blazer, he never blazed a trail. If needed he marked the course with sticks, twigs and stones and the tread of many feet dug the trail bed. The white man followed these; he improved them and put up his blaze on the trees en route. Many of the road and trail routes we are traveling now are on or near old Indian trails.

The Lolo trail is one of them; the most historic of them all; but is this our interest in trails ceases to be local. For over this route the first empire building expedition of a young republic passed. The first Americans, as we were already calling ourselves, who ever reached the great Pacific by overland route, and the success of the enterprise and the attending results were nation wide. It gave us the under hold in a long diplomatic wrestle that followed for the Oregon country. I will not attempt here to go into the intricate international squabbles, agreements, actions and deferred actions and mutterings of war between this nation and Great Britain, in the interim of forty years between the Lewis and Clark expedition and the time we acquired full and undisputed title to the territory gained. Suffice it to say that had some of our statesmen of that time shown more real patriotism and less selfish politics we undoubtedly would have had all of what is now British Columbia, as well as Washington, Oregon, Idaho and part of Montana.

The expedition of exploration of the great Northwest was conceived in the fertile, alert and far-seeing mind of Thomas Jefferson, at the time President of the United States. He had begun working on it and was making preparations for the enterprise before the Louisiana purchase was consummated in 1803. It was intended that the expedition would start a year earlier than it

did. The purchase delayed more than accelerated the start of getaway.

Jefferson entrusted the prosecution of the enterprise to Meriwether Lewis, with his consent for Lewis to select another official to have equal authority with him. Lewis selected William Clark. Both were wise selections. They left Wood River, near St. Louis May 14, 1804. They made their way up the Missouri river in boats to Mandans, Dakota, an Indian village. Here they wintered and in the spring of 1805 continued up the Missouri and the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, as far as they could go with canoes, which they cached and then went on foot; crossing the Rocky Mountains at the beaverhead pass, making their first appearance into what is now Idaho, August 12, 1805. From the time they had left the Dakotas on up to the head waters of the Jefferson, they had met with no Indians.

In their own party was a Shoshone Indian woman, Sacajawea, the slave wife of a nondescript Frenchman, Charboneau, who had cast his fortune with the Mandan Indians. He bought her from the Minnaterrees who had captured her and a companion when they were girls, in one of the drubbings these Pahkees had given her tribe at the three forks of the Missouri river. Lewis and Clark met her at Mandan. They were much impressed with her intelligence and the knowledge she had of her people, and seeing what use she might be to them when they got among the Shoshones, they hired her husband, Charboneau, and her services were thus acquired.

Fortune was with them on account of this young woman. She proved herself worthy in every respect. With an infant on her back she participated in all their adventures and shared their hardships through all their journey from Mandan to the coast and back again. The first chief she encountered in soliciting aid for the success of the expedition, proved to be her own brother; and their meeting brought tears to the eyes of many. Not always does a buckskin shirt covered a hardened soul. The saddest instance in all of this journey is the final reward for this deserving woman.

The journals of Lewis and Clark speak of the settlement of their agreement with her husband at Mandan. Charboneau received \$500 as his services in the enterprise. She received nothing, not even her freedom, but they complimented her for her many virtues. She sank into oblivion. Only in one instance am I able to find mention of her again by a traveler among the Indians. He speaks of her fast dying with consumption. This is several years after the expedition. Who can tell what aspirations her association in this expedition may have raised, the hopes she may have entertained for life in a higher civilization?

Her influence with the Indians was magical. The expedition needed horses badly to continue their journey across the mountains. Lewis busied himself in acquiring all the Indians could spare. Clark made an effort to find a passage way down the Salmon (Lewis river he called it). He found it impractical to attempt to going down the river.

The Shoshonis advised them of a trail to the North that was much frequented by the Choppunish and one of them offered himself as a guide to take them to this trail and go over it with them to the waters of the pacific. This offer was accepted. They doubled back on the

route they had taken coming into Idaho, returning to the Jefferson, thence across the head of the Bitter Root river and down it to the mouth of Traveler's Rest creek, as they called Lolo creek (Montana). Here they took a need rest of a few days and repaired their clothing and overhauled their outfit. Lewis sent a few of the men on down the Bitter Root a few miles to where Missoula now stands, at the junction of the two rivers. He gave the larger river coming from the east the name of Clark's fork.

Some historians and authorities think that Lewis and Clark made a mistake by coming so far north to take the Lolo pass trail when they could have taken the Nez Perce pass trail which starts close to the head of the Bitter Root valley, and then westerly through Nez Perce pass over McGruder mountain along the watershed dividing the waters of the Selway on the north and a tributary of the Salmon, and the waters of the south fork of the Clearwater on the south and terminating on the South fork near what is now Harpster. This might have been a better route, so far as I know, personally. But Lewis and Clark were told of the route and they did not take it. They had fears of the high elevation described to them.

Others seem to think they would have found it better had they have gone down Clark's fork. They had talked with the Indians about it and they were discouraged, for it was not easy to navigate with canoes. They saw that the Bitter Root was Salmon less, and that there must be some great obstruction in the river. Had they gone this route it is not likely they would have reached the coast in the same year. I am inclined to think they knew what they were doing and took the route they did on account of the time of year, thinking it a lower elevation than the southern route.

The Nez Perce pass trail was a more active trail than the Lolo during the gold excitements.

The mouth of Lolo creek, Montana, is considered the eastern end of the Lolo trail; but in as much as the people of Montana have marked the route of Lewis and Clark through their state and the camping places have been established and properly marked with brass tablets, by Elers Koch of Missoula, on the Lolo trail as far as Powell ranger station on the Lochsa river, Idaho, and not familiar with this part of the trail, I will not attempt to describe it.

It is getting late in the season to cross the mountains. They do not tarry long, but in the afternoon of September 11, they start up Traveler's Rest creek (Lolo creek, Montana) and at seven miles make camp. September 12 they continue on up the creek 23 miles; September 13, 1805, they reach the Lolo Hot Springs, where so many game trails come in that the guide loses his way and takes a detour of three before they come into the right path again, and at a small meadow they refresh their horses. They are now nearing Lolo pass.

We will now turn back the clock of time 116 years and meet them at this pass. In the next article we will see them as they are. We will let them tell their own tale of their trip across this old Indian trail. We will follow them and note their every action. We will embellish their story with recent facts and tell of some of the difficulties in re-establishing their old route.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, Oct. 7, 1921, p. 10, c. 1-5*

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## HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS

Written by Jack Harlan

The Lolo Pass is a gateway or gap in the Bitter Root range of mountains, near the head of Pack Creek [§9], a tributary of the Lochsa river in Idaho County, Idaho; and near the head of a branch of Lolo creek in Missoula County, Montana. The mountains break down here and the slopes on each side of the pass begin a fairly gently rise of several hundred feet back to the tops of the range. Here the boundary line crosses the pass in a westerly and easterly direction.

The Montana side is more rugged and heavily strewn with boulders. The Idaho side slopes more evenly down to Pack creek. The trail strikes the creek at a narrow meadow which soon opens out into a large beautiful grassy meadow fringed with inferior timber. The U.S. Geological Survey has placed a bench mark near the pass which gives the elevation at 5245 feet.

It is here, Friday, Sept. 13th, 1805, that we in anxious anticipation, are awaiting the coming of the first American overland expedition to ever reach the Pacific coast. Our fancies may picture them in marshal order or not, we have not long to speculate. There appear two Indians, No, they are whites belonging to the expedition, perhaps Ordway and Shannon in advance of the others in quest of game for the common larder. We engage their attention, and hardly have we time to make our salutations and inquiries, after the fashion of the trail, when like an apparition, appears the caravan, ambling along out of Montana in sinuous single file as they take the numerous switch-backs of the old Indian trail.

Truly it is a motley scene, no better in appearance and movement than so many Indians. A number are riding cayuses, others are walking as there are not enough mounts for all. Many are bare headed, some have kerchiefs binding their brows, a few wearing caps or hats. In our 1921 ideas of propriety and dress we may feel shocked at their personal appearance, they are so unkempt and untidy in attire. All are wearing dressed skins secured from the Indians and made up en route. They wear buckskin shirts, some fringed at the sleeves, but patched in many places. Their buckskin breeches are also patched or refaced, and badly rolled and baggy at the knees (Any one who has ever worn a pair of buckskin for any length of time can testify to this last.) They are shod in moccasins, half-soled with buffalo rawhide.

The weapons they have look as antiquated as their dress. The rifles they carry are the best of the time and were selected by Lewis in Lancaster and Philadelphia, Penn. They are long barreled flintlocks of buffalo calibre, using ounce balls. There are a number of older guns in the packs, which they give to some of the Indians for some merited service. All are carrying long knives; some have tomahawks, a few have long barreled horse pistols. Each carries a box of tinder, flint and steel for starting fires. There were only two Indians killed on all this journey; one by Lewis and the other by Fields. On the return trip on the Marias river, Montana, Lewis and a few of the men had trouble with a bunch of Blackfeet, necessitating the only act of violence for the whole journey. But we are impressed with their attitude. Their step is elastic and alert. Their faces, though bearded and lean and angular, are grim and

resolute.

As they swing down the trail to Pack creek, the two hunters point some out to us. There with the Shoshoni Indian guide is Capt. William Clark of Kentucky, and those indiscriminately mingled along the trail with saddle and pack ponies and footmen are Pryor, Patrick Gass, Hughie McNeal, Wiser, Collins, Cruzat a Frenchman and fiddler, Drewer, the half-breed hunter and interpreter; Sacajawea, the bird woman and her wee infant; Shields, the blacksmith; Charboneau, Willard, Whitehouse, York, the negro slave of Capt. Clark, and many others. Thirty-two souls in all in the expedition.

We look for Capt. Merriwether Lewis. He is pointed out. He is in the rear walking and leading a pack pony. At the last camp two ponies had stayed, one was his, four others and he made search, not being successful he had rejoined the caravan and sent back two other men to make a more extensive search, and he had taken one of their places in line. They who have lived on the trail know the vexations and delay of straying horses.

Those having had any preconceived notions of meeting a military pageant on dress parade, or seeing any spectacular or heroic attitudes of the captains, as so often pictured in print, have had their ideals rudely shattered. For these are rude and rugged men before us, trained and ready to take their place and part in any position. The birth, or growth of a nation was never founded or maintained on the pompous, pedantic or heroic attitudes of its leaders; but by the steadfast valor, stern determination and unswerving fidelity to duty by all. And these men were of the stuff on which empires are builded - the wilderness breakers; trail hikers of mountain, woods and prairie; the pioneers of many former places, with but a single mind to carry out their mission and having the training in woodcraft and the physical stamina to put it over. Or to use a common expression of the trail-hikers today, they had hired for tough men and they would see her through.

True, there must be leadership and discipline in an enterprise of this magnitude. It was here Lewis and Clark had spent most of the winter of 1803 and 1804 to organizing and preparing the men and putting them under forms of discipline. But they soon learned that the men, though a few were U.S. army soldiers, and others enlisted men, all who could had volunteered their services, and they had to be recognized as a part of the expedition, and in matters of grave moment effecting the success of the enterprise the men were consulted.

The Captains had proper authority, which was respected and obeyed, but there was no undue display of it, and after they were well on their journey, there was good fellowship among them all.

But they are leaving us now as they start down Pack creek. Here are the words they speak about it. "We followed the course of this new creek for two miles, and encamped at a spot where the mountains close on each side. Other mountains covered with snow are in view to the southeast and the southwest. We were somewhat more fortunate today in killing a deer and several pheasants, which were of the common species except that the tall was black."

The description is good. They have camped on the lower part of what is now called Packer's

meadow. It is a beautiful situation. Grass in abundance for the cayuses, but there have been numerous frosts which have killed the more tender forage, reminding us that the season is getting late. Kamas is here in abundance, in consequence Lewis gave it the name of Quamash glade.

Now that they have pulled packs we will take a close inventory of their outfit and effects. They have 42 ponies and several colts. Twenty are packed, the balance ridden. The most of the ponies were gotten from the Shoshonis, but a few were bartered from the Tushepahs, only a few days back.

Their pack saddles are made from the paddles and oars of the canoes they left on the Jefferson river, Montana. The handles make the cross trees, the blades the rest, all bound securely with rawhide. The saddle blanket is a square of buffalo hide, the hair side placed next to the horse. Their riding saddles are the Shoshoni type of the time, which is a pad of dressed hide stuffed with the hair of the deer and elk, and held in place by a broad leather surcingle. The Indians used no stirrups. Our men have improvised their own.

The ropes and bridles are long thongs of rawhide, made pliable by hard rubbing and working back and forth. One end is fastened about the ponies neck and a hitch is made around the lower jaw of the animal for riding, but when the pony is led or turned loose to graze, the hitch is removed and this thong is let drag, making it easy to the pony when needed. One can easily imagine an old packer used to a modern up-to-date outfit, as he looks this over remark, "It is very much hay-wire." But it was the best Lewis and Clark could procure. The Indians had a few ropes made of the hair of buffalo at this time and a few Spanish bridle bits. But the finely wrought horse tail hair ropes, bridles and head-stalls were not in vogue among the northwest Indians until a later date, shortly after the trappers came among them.

They are packing many bales of goods, consisting of scarlet coast medallions of Jefferson and Washington, small American flags, tomahawks, colored handkerchiefs, gaudy colored tinsel cloth, ribbons, beads, paints and small brass trinkets. Some are to be given to the chiefs to please their vanity and encourage friendship. Much of it is their stock in trade in bartering with the Indians. Two of the Jefferson medallions have been found in Indian graves since this time. One some years ago and now in the Smithsonian Institute. The other was found last year while excavating for the Lewis and Clark highway. Both were found at the mouth of Potlatch creek.

The Indians of these early days were surely victims in trade; they had no idea of relative values and consequently were greatly imposed on. In reading of the early Yankee whalers who outfitted in Gloucester and New Bedford, Mass., and made long voyages to the Pacific in quest of the whale, and other business ventures, years before this expedition, we may learn how a number put into some of the harbors along the coast from California to the Behring Strait, and carried on a seamless but lucrative business bartering with the Indians. A handful of chief beads (common blue beads) would buy the pelt of a sea otter, worth perhaps a hundred dollars or more at that time. Clark was able to get a cayuse load of kouse for a few beads he found in his vest pocket when at Kamiah on their return trip.

Our men are packing a few blankets, some canvas and leather tents, much frayed and worn.



They use buffalo robes in lieu of blankets. The captains have a few scientific instruments, compasses, etc. and some accessories for their personal convenience that would seem almost superfluous. But the most startling discovery of all to us is the limited supplies they carry. Just a few "canisters of portable soup," a few pounds of bear oil and a fair quantity of salt is all they have left. But this does not seem to worry them; for after they have scantily regaled themselves on a part of the deer and pheasants killed this day; the Frenchman Crusat tunes his fiddle, as he has done at many a previous camp, and the men engage in a wild boisterous and frolicsome dance around the camp fire. They are now on the waters of the Pacific, and being men of buoyant spirits, every event must be an excuse for jubilation. They know of the hardships ahead of them, but fear is no part of their disposition. In the morning the journey is resumed and they encounter as they progress that will test the fortitude and stamina of the strongest men of today.

The next installment of this interesting article will appear in next week's issue.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, October 14, 1921, p. 10, c. 1-6*

## **HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

Saturday, Sept. 14th, 1805: We will follow them back across the trail. I will quote from the journal. "The day was very cloudy, with rain and hail in the valleys, while on the tops of the mountains some snow fell. We proceeded early, and continuing along the right side of Glade creek (Pack Creek) crossed a high mountain, and at the distance of six miles reached the place where it is joined by another branch of equal size from the right (Crooked creek.) We here passed [§10] (Crooked creek) and began the ascent of a very high and steep mountain, nine miles across. On reaching the other side we found a large branch from the left (White and creek) which seems to rise in the snowy mountains to the south and southeast. We continued along the creek two miles farther, when night coming on, we encamped opposite a small island at the mouth of a branch on the right side of the river." (The small branch they speak of is where the Powell Ranger station is now built.) At the forks of the White Sand and Crooked creeks, the Lochsa or the Kooskooskee river begins. The old Indian trail came is at the fork, and they crossed Crooked creek to get where the camped.

"The mountains which we crossed today were much more difficult than those of yesterday, the last was particularly fatiguing being steep and stoney, broken by fallen timber, and thickly overgrown by pine, spruce, fir, haematack (hemlock) and tamarack. Although we had made only seventeen miles, we were all very weary. The whole stock of animal food was now exhausted, and we therefore killed a colt on which we made a hearty supper." Tread lightly on the soft pedal for hearty, but don't be finicky brother - the worst is yet to come. "From this incident we called the last creek we had passed from the south Colt-killed creek (White Sand creek.) The river itself is eighty yards wide, with a swift current and a stony channel. Its Indian name is Kooskooskee. (Lochsa)

They are now camped near Powell Ranger station at the west of a large and beautiful meadow

known now as Powell pasture [§11]. But I am at a loss to know why they came the route they did today. Did the Shoshoni Indian guide make a mistake? Back on the trail three or four miles from our camp at Packer's meadow is a trail leaving the first high ridge, which crosses Crooked creek then on westerly past Powell junction, on a high mountain six miles north of Powell pasture, thence westerly to the high watershed between the drainages of the North fork and Lochsa rivers. This is the real course of the Lolo trail. They returned on this part of the trail on their way back to the states the next year. The journals say nothing of their wishing to go to the fish weirs on the Kooskooskee, but the trail to the fish weirs was traveled lately by the Tushepahs going to the weirs and returning to the Clark's fork; they may have traveled what looked to be the plainest path at the time but it took them out of their way.

Sunday, Sept. 15th - I will use their words: "At an early hour we proceeded along the right side of the Kooskooskee over steep rocky points of land till at the distance of four miles we reached an old Indian fishing place [§12]." (The fish weirs. Had they stopped here to fish they might have had something better than colt. Some of the Nez Perce of the present time make a trip each year back to this old fishing ground.) "The road here turned to the right of the water, and began to ascend a mountain; but the fire and wind had prostrated or dried almost all of the timber on the south side, and the ascents were so steep that we were forced to wind in every direction round the high knobs which constantly impeded our progress. Several of the horses lost their foothold and slipped; one of them, which was loaded with a desk and small trunk, rolled over and over for forty yards, till his fall was stopped by a tree. The desk was broken." (Good riddance of bad rubbish, said the packers) but the poor animal escaped without much injury. After clambering in this way for four miles we came to a high snowy part of the mountain where was a spring of water, at which we halted two hours to refresh our horses.

"On leaving the spring the road continued as bad as it was below, and the timber more abundant. (In fact they had no good road at all, not even a good elk trail. They were heading back for the high watershed and old Lolo trail. They were following the ridge west of Papoose creek.) "At four miles we reached the top of the mountain, and foreseeing no chance of meeting with water, we encamped on the northern side of the mountain, near an old bank of snow, three feet deep. Some of this we melted, and supped on the remains of the colt killed yesterday. Our only game today was two pheasants, and the horses which we calculated as a last resource began to fail us, for two of them were so poor and worn out with fatigue, that we were obliged to leave them behind."

They are now back on the old Lolo trail at an elevation close to 7000 feet, east of what is now Cayuse Junction, and a few miles west of where they should have been the night before had they not taken the detour to Lochsa river.

Monday, Sept. 16th. They have put in a cheerless night and no grub for breakfast, again quoting from them: "The night was cold and cloudy, and three hours before daylight it began to snow, and continued all day, so by evening it is six to eight inches deep. This covered the track so completely that we were obliged constantly to halt and examine, lest we should lose the route. In many places we had nothing to guide us except the branches of the trees, which being low have been rubbed by the burden of the Indian horse. The road was like that of yesterday, along steep side hills, obstructed by fallen timber, and a growth of eight different

species of pine, (This is true, providing we substitute the word conifers for pine) so thickly strewn that the snow falls from them as we pass and keeps us constantly wet to the skin, and so cold that we are anxious lest our feet should be frozen, as we have only thin mocassins to defend them."

Believe me brother this is some trying situation. Let them who throw out their chests as tough men, trail hikers, packers, mushers, woodsmen or what not - sit up and take notice. We have nothing over these old chaps; for this part of the trail is a hard piece of traveling at this day in dry weather. It is over many high mountains like Spring, Indian Post Office and others; along rocky "hog backs" and hillsides. The elevation varying from 5500 to 7000 feet. Look which way they might there is no seeming outlet through the jumbled maze of peaks. Just one mountain piled against another in the perspective. They are not familiar with the route and find it difficult to keep the trail. Their ponies are unshod and slip and slide. It is fortunate none are killed.

We may have taken just as hard jaunts but under different circumstances. We have something substantial under our belts, our feet differently encased, our clothing warmer; we do not feel the chill so easily of being wet as buckskins permit. We know when camping we can provide a square meal. I'll tell the world under their circumstances they had a right to feel a bit gloomy.

They stopped to let their horses feed on some long grass at noon, probably the south side of Spring mountain [§13], while Capt. Clark and one man went ahead and had fires built by the time the rest arrived at dusk. "We here encamped at a stream from the right, in a piece of low ground, thickly timbered, and scarcely large enough to permit us to lie level. We had now made thirteen miles. We were all very wet, cold and hungry, but although before setting out this morning we had seen four deer, yet we could not procure any of them, and were obliged to kill a second colt for our supper."

This is Howard's camp, not the least doubt of it [§14]. But I was very uncertain about it when I first came into this camp. It may be of interest to the reader to learn of some of the difficulties one encounters in establishing the route and camps of the Lewis and Clark expedition. I carried the journals as compiled by Dr. Hosmer [§15] and a contour map furnished me by the Forest Service [§16]. The present trail does not follow but little of the old Indian trail that Lewis and Clark traveled [§17], and Lewis and Clark did not always stay with the old Lolo trail, or most direct route between Montana and Weippe, Idaho, as we have already seen, and will later learn. The white man has made many changes and improvements since this time. He has cut out the timber, graded and blazed the whole route. The Indian did no cutting, grading nor blazing, and much of his trail has been abandoned, which necessitated running out these old paths. For it is the old trail we want.

The present trail into Howard's camp, which has the appearance of an old trail [§18], makes the stream come into the saddle from the left instead of from the right, as the journals say [§19]. This caused me to take a walk easterly along the present trail to see if there may not be another creek on which they might have camped. About a mile from the saddle the present trail turns sharply to the right and passes through a low, waterless saddle [§20] to the south side of a high ridge. In this defile I found the glimmer of an old trail, as I approached the end of the ridge the

slight scuffing of a tree root drew my attention. I got down upon my knees and with my fingers scraped away the needles and vegetable mold and was rewarded by finding the root flattened by scuffing for two feet - or more along its top, and after removing more of the debris I found a worn trail bed in the gravelly soil. As I neared the apex of the hill the depression became plain and several parallel trails showed up. I found trees fifty and sixty years old growing in some of the trail beds. As I neared the top and the trees and vegetation became scattering and stunted, all the trails were plain and well worn, showing what extensive use had been made of them during the past. I followed it over the top and then turned back to follow it towards camp, for I knew now I was on the paths Lewis and Clark had trodden that snowy September day in 1806.

As I strolled back over this old ghost trail of bygone times alone, in the silent solitude and somber stillness of the eternal hills, a pensive mood or a tinge of melancholy seized me, as I reflected on the past, gone, never to return. The frontier has been partitioned. The buffalo become extinct. The Indian's mode of life changed, and the haunts that once lured him can draw no more. The old trapper has gleaned his greatest harvest, and the prospector all but ceases his restless migrations in quest of hidden treasure. Only now and again will a human eye gaze on these abandoned paths, once so active with human endeavor. But it is well. For these old marks are the grave-stones in the category of time that has been and in many places will remain as they are, as long as rock endures. They who wish may view them by turning off at the places already marked, and to be marked in the future. If you are of the very impressible type as you view these old ghost paths, influenced by the awesome spell of the reverie brought upon you, you may feel that a phantom host might break out movie like before your startled gaze.

When I returned to the defile where I first picked up the old trail I also found it going over the high ridge between me and camp [§21]. Near the top was an old dim path where the old Indian and their cayuses would shuffle off down the slope to a grassy meadow on Howard's creek, since so much timber has been cut, in sight of the saddle. But the main old trail still followed the ridge and crossed the "stream from the right" just as Lewis described in the journals. It was here we (my fourteen year boy and Chub Wilson, the packer and I bedded down, July 18th, 1921, secure in the knowledge that we occupied the only level spot in the exact place where those weary whitemen had camped - 116 years before.)

Another installment of this interesting story will be published in our next issue.

[Hosmer, James Kendall. History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804-1806. Reprinted from edition of 1814. 1903.]

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*\*Clearwater Republican, October 21, 1921, p. 10, c. 1-5*

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## **HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

The stream from the right, spoken of in the journals, now Howard's camp, turns to the south and goes to the Lochsa drainage. Two hundred yards from this camp to the north is a creek now known as Howard which goes northeasterly to Cayuse creek and the North Fork drainage.

On the borders of Howard creek, near the camp, is a narrow meadow affording excellent late summer pasturage. Elevation 6445 feet. The meadow was more extensive in the olden time than now [§22] as indicated by the varying age of the timber growth.

This has been an old camping ground for the early Indians [§23], as well as for Lewis and Clark, and those traveling the Lolo trail since. General Howard, for whom the camping ground is named, stopped here during a part of August 1877 [§24], when following Chief Joseph and band into Montana. Further mention will be made of this event later. From the amount of timber felled it might indicate that the forest service in its early time may have contemplated building a ranger station here [§25].

Tuesday, Sept. 17th, 1805. We will now resume our journey. "The ponies strayed and scattered so badly during the night (for on account of the snow many would seek the south slope in preference to the meadow) that we are detained till 1 o'clock before they are collected. We then continue our route over high rough knobs and several drains and springs, and along a ridge of country separating the waters of two small rivers [§26]." (The head of the Weitas of the North Fork drainage and a branch of the Lochsa) "The road was still difficult and several of the horses fell and injured themselves very much so that we were unable to advance more than ten miles to a small stream on which we encamped."

This is now called Indian Grave camp [§27]; so named on account of a ten year old Indian boy [§28] having been buried here some 15 years ago. He was one of the Spalding family now residing near Ahsahka. The grave is cribbed in by logs [§29]. Truly this boy has a memorable resting place. The stream here goes south into the Lochsa. Here is a fair sized meadow for grazing and was larger at one time than it is now. Much of the timber growing around it was not here at the time of Lewis and Clark, but some was growing long before their time furnishing them ample fuel. The 1919 fire has now killed practically all the timber in this locality.

The elevation is about 6200 feet. They are still entrenched in the never ending range of mountains and the best prospect of speedily getting out of them is not very cheering. The snow of the last storm is still on the ground. The men as they prepare their camp look haggard, weary and much fatigued. They are very hungry and kill their third and last colt for supper. Their ponies are not plentiful enough to spare only as a last desperate resource.

After their frugal meal, they build a large camp fire, one of the bounties not denied them, and they hold a council where it is agreed for Captain Clark to select six hunters and enough horses

to hurry forward and seek out the Nez Perces and importune them for supplies; or at least get into a locality where game is more abundant and provisions can be brought back to those following.

Wednesday, Sept. the. Early in the morning Captain Clark and the six men start forward. Quoting the journal: "His route lay S 85 degrees W. along the same high dividing ridge, and the road was still very bad; but he moved on rapidly, and at a distance of twenty miles was rejoiced on discovering far off an extensive plain towards the west and southwest bounded by a high mountain." The plain seen is the NezPerce and the Camas prairies country with the Craig mountains beyond. Sherman peak is the first peak from which this country is seen [§30]. But it is not twenty miles from Indian Grave. The high mountain [§31] west of Sherman peak also gives a view of the same country. It is twenty miles to this mountain, but it conflicts with what follows. " He halted an hour to let the horses eat a little grass on the hillsides, and then went on twelve and a half miles till he reached a bold creek running to the left on which he encamped. To this stream he gave the very appropriate name of Hungry creek, for having procured no game, they had nothing to eat."

This bold creek indicates that Clark may have dropped down on to Obia creek, the largest branch of Fish creek, but it is only about three miles from the top of this high mountain west of Sherman peak down to Obia creek and not twelve and a half miles. When we come to Lewis's description for the route we will see they do not agree as the same route. We will now return to Lewis and party who started later in the day from Indian Grave camp. The journals say: "In the meantime we were detained till after eight o'clock by the loss of one of our horses which had strayed away and could not be found. We then proceeded, but having soon finished the remainder of the colt killed yesterday, felt the want of provisions, which was more sensitive from our meeting with no water till towards nightfall we found some in a ravine among the hills. By pushing our horses almost to their utmost strength we made eighteen miles."

"We then melted some snow, (from the last storm) and supped on a little portable soup, a few canisters of which, with about twenty weight of bear's oil, are our only remaining means of subsistence. Our guns are scarcely of any service for there is no living creature in these mountains, except a few small pheasants, a small species of gray squirrel, (the piney) and a blue bird of the vulture kind about the size of a turtle dove or jay (rain crow or whiskey jack and their descendants are in these hills yet) and even these are difficult to shoot."

They have had a hard grind today for hungry men, over several high mountains including Bald mountain, but they trudged wearily on and camped on the dry ridge between this mountain and No-see-um Meadows. I marked their camp about a mile and a half northeasterly from No-see-um [§32]. At their time there was a bunch grass patch of ten or fifteen acres on the south slope of the ridge where they grazed the horses. This patch is now grown over by lodge pole pine seventy-five or eighty years old and the bunch grass is almost wiped out. The surrounding timber is much older. The distance of 13 miles is an over estimation. The present trail as measured is between ten and eleven miles, but the old Indian trail was several miles longer and rougher and it would have seemed eighteen miles to the weary men. Most certainly they did not go past Sherman Peak for they would have found two good camping places with water.

We will now return to Clark and party. Thursday, Sept. 19th. The journals read. "Captain Clark proceeded up the creek along which the road was more steep and stony than any he had yet passed. At six miles distance he reached a small plain, in which he fortunately found a horse, on which he breakfasted, and hung the rest on a tree for the party in the rear. (This reads like Fish creek but I am told it could be Obia creek.) "Two miles beyond this he left the creek and crossed three high mountains, rendered almost impassable from the steepness of the ascent and the quantity of fallen timber. (From what I am told there was an old Indian trail [§33] leaving Fish creek and going up on to McLendon Butte and going westerly over Middle Butte and Frenchman Butte to El Dorado Creek of the LOLO drainage.)

"After clambering over these ridges and mountains, and passing the heads of some branches of Hungry Creek (Fish Creek) he came to a large creek running westward (El Dorado Creek.) This he followed for four miles, then he turned to the right down the mountain. (first having crossed the ridge) till he came to a small creek to the left. (Cedar Creek and he camped at Cedar Creek Meadows.) Here he halted, having made twenty two miles on his course, south 80 degrees west, though the winding route almost doubled the distance."

Their supper and breakfast consisted of two pheasants; rather a small ration for seven men already half starved. We will now return to Lewis and party for their journey this day.

The journals read: "We followed soon after sunrise. At six miles the ridge terminated and we had before us the cheering prospect of the large plain to the southwest. (This[?] was certainly Sherman peak.) On leaving the ridge again we again ascended and went down several mountains and several miles farther came to Hungry creek (Fish creek) where it was fifteen yards wide and received the waters from a branch to the north [§34] (Willow creek.) We went up it on a course nearly due west and at three miles crossed a second branch flowing from the same quarter (Obia creek [§35]) The country is thickly covered with pine timber (conifers) of which we have enumerated eight distinct species. Three miles beyond this last branch of Hungry creek we encamped after a fatiguing route of eighteen miles. Having no other provisions, we took some portable soup, our only refreshment during the day. This abstinence, joined with fatigue, has a visible effect on our health. The men are growing weak and losing their flesh very fast; several are afflicted with the dysentery, and eruptions of the skin are very common."

We will leave them on Hungry creek tightening their belts to reduce their stomachs to the size of their rations. Continued.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, October 28, 1921, p. 10, c. 1-5*

## **HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

There is a mistake in the U.S. Geological Survey Contour map I carried. It occurred for Obia creek. John Austin, for years a trapper in that locality, first pointed it out to me when I showed him the map, and it was verified by what I saw of Fish creek

Willow creek goes directly into Fish creek, where the map shows the mouth of Obia creek. Obia goes into Fish creek about one and a half miles almost due west from the mouth of Willow creek. Obia is a stream 7 or 8 yards wide. Lewis must have measured Hungry (now Fish) creek at the mouth of Willow creek, for it tallies so closely with what he said "fifteen yards wide." The journal says: "Capt. Clark proceeded up the creek (Hungry creek) along which the road was more steep and stony than any he had yet passed." Lewis, when he struck the bad going, speaks of rolling a horse which fortunately was not hurt. For brevity I do not quote all the journals tell. They crossed Fish creek at the mouth of Willow creek and went over a precipitous piece of trail, which still shows, and crossed back below the mouth of Obia creek.

There are about twelve or fifteen miles from here to the Pete King trail of this route that I have not seen [§36]. Neither did I find an old trail leaving the present trail on the high divide or leading from Sherman peak down to the mouth of Willow creek [§37]. But we rode our horses down close to Willow creek and saw all that has been related. We could have ridden on to Fish creek, but being on county work I did not feel that I should give the time necessary to run this all out at the time. Next year I shall spend my vacation in poring(?) out the old trails and establish the camps of Lewis and Clark in the Fish creek basin. This basin has a large drainage going to Lochsa river. But rest assured the Hungry creek they speak of is now Fish creek [§38]. We will now resume our journey.

Friday, September 20, 1805. In the morning Capt. Clark and party left their camp on Cedar meadows [§39] and crossed a divide. At a distance of four or five miles they came to Lolo creek, named by them Collins creek, after one of the party. They crossed this creek just below the Bradford cabin and a short distance above the mouth of Eldorado creek. We are now in Clearwater county.

They went down the right side of this creek for a mile and at the Lolo creek meadow they left the Lolo and clambered up over the breaks. (The old Indian trail can be seen here with trees sixty and seventy years old growing in the trail bed. (Joel Wilson directed me to it.)

They then continued northerly thru the timber across Crane meadow, and on up to the top the mountain, where now a lookout is maintained by the Clearwater F.P.A. Where were the heads of several little streams going different directions. The trail they traveled this day is easily traced, tho abandoned in most places [§40].

At this mountain they turned westerly and descended the last of the Rocky mountains (as they called all these mountains between here and the head of the Missouri river.) "and reached the level country. A beautiful open plain, partially supplied with pine, now presented itself."

"He continued for five miles when he discovered three Indian boys, who on observing the party, ran off and hid themselves in the grass. Capt. Clark immediately alighted, and giving his horse and gun to one of the men, went after the boys. He soon relieved their apprehensions and sent them forward to the village, about a mile off, with presents of small pieces of ribbon. (This village was at the forks of the trail they are traveling and the trail that comes from the south across the Lolo from Kamiah, on a raise of timbered land near the corner of the



Jacobsen, Peterson and Johnson places. I cannot state the exact spot.) "Soon after the boys had reached home a man came out to meet the party, with great caution, but he conducted them to a large tent in the village, and all the inhabitants gathered around to view with a mixture of fear and pleasure these wonderful strangers. The conductor now informed Capt. Clark by signs that the spacious tent was the residence of the great chief who had set off three days ago with all the warriors to attack some of their enemies towards the southwest; (the Shoshonis) that he would not return before fifteen or eighteen days, and that in the meantime there were only a few men left to guard the women and children. They now set before them a small piece of buffalo meat, some dried salmon, berries, and several kinds of roots. Among the latter one which is round and much like an onion in appearance, and sweet to the taste; it is called quamash and is eaten either in its natural state or boiled into kind of soup, or made into a cake, which is then called pasheco. After the long abstinence this was a sumptuous treat; we returned the kindness of the people by a few presents, and then went on in company with one of the chiefs, to a second village in the same plain, at the distance of two miles. (This was near the present town of Weippe on what was once the Patrick Gaffney place.) Here the party was treated with kindness and passed the night."

We left Capt. Lewis and party in a very hard situation on a meadow of Hungry creek. "Their breakfast consisted mostly of hopes, longings and expectations, served on a platter of rabbit tracks and game trails, garnished by hard hiking ahead and spiced by the desperate gnawings of hunger. After a long search for some of the ponies they proceeded at ten o'clock, when at a mile or so they were over-joyed to find the horse Capt. Clark had hung up and a note apprising us of his intention of going to the plains toward the southwest, and collect provisions by the time we reached him." (It is plain that Capt. Clark was making for the Nez Perce and Camas prairies he had seen from the top of Sherman peak, but he met the Indians at Weippe and this changed the matter. Lewis followed.)

"After making about fifteen miles we encamped on a ridge where we could find little grass and no water, however we proceeded a little from a distance, and supped on the remainder of the horse."

Lewis then describes at length the plant life he saw, the change of soil and temperature. he mentions for the first time cedar, and masses of gray freestone. The Canyon Ranger station is near where he stopped and the walk and steps of this station made of the stone. But it is not freestone, but blocks like building stone composed of intrusive(?) porphy. These are clues that confirm the route they traveled. They camped on the ridge between the waters of El Dorado, Fish and Canyon creeks. During the day a pack horse got away from one of the men, and Lewis left two men to round it up. The two men have one horse and are still on Hungry creek.

We will return to Clark at Weippe. September 21st, 1805. "The free use of food, to which he had not been accustomed, made Capt. Clark very sick, both yesterday evening and the whole of today. He therefore sent out all hunters and remained himself at the village as well on account of his sickness as for the purpose of avoiding suspicion and collecting information from the Indians as to the route."

"The two villages consist of about thirty double tents and the inhabitants call themselves

Choppunnish or Pierced nose." (Some of the Indians tell me that there were as many as 2000 Indians at Weippe when the expedition came thru, mostly women and children. Kate McBeth an authority on the Nez Perce language, writes that Choppunnish is improperly spelled, it should be Chup-nit-palu. The chief drew a chart of the river, and explained that a greater chief than himself who governed this village and was called the Twisted-hair, was now fishing at the distance of half a day's ride down the river\*\*\*\*The hunters returned without having been able to kill anything. Capt. Clark purchased as much dried salmon, roots, and berries as he could with the few articles he chanced to have in his pocket, and having sent them by one of the men and a hired Indian back to Capt. Lewis, he went on to the camp of Twisted-hair. It was four o'clock before he set out and the night soon came on, but having met an Indian coming from the river, they engaged him by a present of a neckcloth to guide them to the Twisted-hair's camp. For twelve miles they proceeded through the plain before they reached the river hills, which are very high and steep. The whole valley from these hills to the foot-hills is a beautiful level country, with a rich soil covered with grass.

There is, however, but little timber, and the ground is badly watered; the plain is so much lower than the surrounding hills, or so much sheltered by them, that the weather is quite warm, while the cold of the mountains was extreme. From the top of the river hills they proceeded down for three miles till they reached the water side, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night; here we found a small band of five squaws and three children, the chief himself being encamped, with two others, on a small island in the river; the guide called to him, and he soon came over. Capt. Clark gave him a medal, and they smoked together till one o'clock. The island mentioned was a low water bar that used to be a short ways below the mouth of Fords creek. In later years it disappeared.

Returning to Capt. Lewis. They collected their horses by eleven o'clock and proceeded; following the same trail as described for Capt. Clark. They passed his camp of the 19th on Cedar creek meadows, and crossed the Lolo at the same place and camped on Lolo creek meadow. They were so fortunate "as to kill a few pheasants and a prairie wolf, (coyote,) which supplied us with one meal. They were dependent on the chance of their guns for the morrow, but tomorrow they received a noted reception.

Another installment of this interesting story will appear in the next issue of the Republican.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, November 4, 1921, p. 10, c. 1-4*

## **HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

Sunday, September 22, 1805. We will return to Capt. Clark who is on the Clearwater. He passed over to the island with the Twisted-hair. The river at this place is about 150 yards wide, but interrupted with shoals, and the low ground on its borders are narrow. The hunters brought in three deer.

Capt. Clark left the five hunters at this island bar, who were instructed to hunt and procure

what game they could until his return, and in company with the Twisted-hair and his son, he started back to Weippe.

We will return to Lewis and party, whom we left camped at the Lolo creek meadow. Their journal says: "We had intended to set out early, but one of the men having neglected to hobble his horse, he strayed away and we were obliged to wait till nearly twelve o'clock."

It was a weary and bedraggled bunch of pilgrims who then proceeded. These people were longer on the trail. For at Indian Grave Camp Clark and six hunters selected a mount each and several pack horses, necessitating most of those following to make their way on foot. The goods and utensils required most of the ponies left to carry these. The lack of proper nourishment and the stress of the trail had its effects as shown by the cadaverous faces and wasted forms of these men. They are leg weary and foot sore as ragged moccasins are poor protection against the stony paths they have been traveling.

After reaching the top of the breaks of Collins (now Lolo creek) the traveling materially improves; there is less stone and more soil; the temperature better suits their condition. They are schooled in trail ways enough to know that these changed conditions presage the speedy ending of their battle with the fierce forces of nature besetting them for the last ten days or more, in the mountains. This begins to revive the flagging spirit and tho they are hungry and weak, they cajole and bandy one another in a jovial manner, a sure sign in men of the trail that the barometer of cheerful feeling is rising.

As they leave Crane meadow they meet the man and the Indian sent by Capt. Clark with the supplies. Lewis writes; "This supply was most seasonable, as we had tasted nothing since last night and the fish and roots and berries in addition to a crow, which we killed on the route, completely satisfied our hunger."

It was quite evident that a \_\_\_\_\_ of crow had to keep a safe distance if they did not care to fill the ravenous maws of these hungry men, as they are not choice in their kind of diet.

This welcome feed and the definite knowledge of their location starts their spirits to bubbling and "at a few miles we were overtaken by the two men who had been sent back after a horse on the 20th." These two hardy "old-timers" went back on Hungry creek with one horse between them. They made a diligent search over the rugged hills for the renegade cayuse. Night coming on, they [encamped] where the horse killed by the Clark party was eaten. The head of the horse, which had been refused by the Lewis party was roasted by these two men, "and they supped on the ears, skin, lips, etc. of the animal." Hardly a Belshazzar feast this, they can have our portion. On the 21st they found the pack of the cayuse and soon recovered the saddle bags containing the valuables, at length they found the animal, and both being now mounted they started forward to rejoin their party. They camped at a small creek and dined on the remnants of a pheasant they had shot to pieces. During the night the two horses got away, they searched till nine o'clock, when being fearful of starving, they set out on feet alternately carrying the saddle bags. They walked as fast as they could during the day till they reached us in such a deplorable state of weakness and inanition." They were placed on two horses and all now felt still more cheerful.

In reciting the facts as handed down to us in the record of deeds performed by many of these intrepid men, I am prone to wonder if we who are enjoying the blessings and comforts created out of the vast domain made possible to us by the daring ventures, physical sacrifices, and slight remuneration received by them for it all, fully appreciate what they did. Or in the mad scramble that ensues in striving to get the larger share of this heritage do we give it a passing thought.

But it is the prospect of the many different adventures that lures the typical pioneer and pathfinder. It is an American trait, made dormant in many, because there are few more frontiers in our possession. It was this trait that made the German officer, describing the "dough-boy" in action write that he is continually looking for adventure, has much initiative that if commanded by German officers they could be made the best soldiers in the world. But I'll tell the world they at the best even tho officered by Americans.

It is this love of adventure, changing scenes and chances for something new, that gives zest and zeal to the trail-hiker. And these men as they pass over the last mountain (the look-out) know that their greater troubles are behind them and they feel a new ardor for the enterprise.

As they descend the mountain, beautiful grassy meadows trimmed with patches of thorne and service berries, and reaches of low rolling hills free of stone having a growth of scattering yellow pine and a few thickets of young timber growth on the northern slopes, now appears in the open pine land of an abundance of bunch grass and the remains of various flowering plants.

Soon they come to an extensive prairie of 3000 or more acres, near the center of which is a large flat, marshy in places and covered with sedge grass all growing in abundance of the kamas. Over the area is numerous piles of the kamas bulbs gathered by the Indian women. As they near the Indian camp at the southern part of the prairie, they see the smoke and smell the pungent odor of these bulbs being roasted in earthen pits and preparing for winter use.

There is a vast multitude of Indians standing at the outskirts of their temporary village watching the approach of these white men, so-yap-pos, crowned ones, as the Nez Perce call the whites. Suddenly there is a great commotion among them; Lewis says "As we approached the village, most of the women, though apprised of our being expected, fled with their children into the neighboring woods." Some of the grand children of these Indians tell me some interesting versions of the cause of this sudden stampede. They had already met Clark and party and had no real fear of them; but when they saw York the black slave of Clark with the Lewis party; they were seized by a great fear and fled into the woods. They felt him to be an incarnation of the Evil One, and to this day the Nez Percés do not take favorably to the colored man.

So great was their fright and sudden their flight, that Alpowa George, who was a baby then and laced in his te-kash (baby board) was left by his mother (name Pepah) and father (Hat-itt) swinging in the wicky-e-up, and they flew to the woods. The father soon recollected and returned resolved to die with his boy if need be.

There was talk among a few of the Indians of killing this colored man on account of the

superstitious fear they had of him. But I am unable to learn that any of the Indians ever talked of, or had any designs on the lives of the whites, as mentioned by some writers. This is further verified by the knowledge the men of the expedition had of Indian disposition of that time. It is not likely that any unfriendly demeanor towards the whites would have gone unnoticed by them and not been mentioned in their journal. On the contrary they were received in open and friendly hospitality and a plentiful supply of provisions set before them without solicitation. While these events were occurring Capt. Clark and the Twisted-hair arrived among them when the panic stricken Indians saw the hand shaking with the Indian who had stayed and the sincere friendliness of the whites they returned and joined in the welcome.

The weary white men lay about the camp fire and half enjoyed being the object of so much curiosity to the red men. The Indians tell that as they sized up these strangers some of them hardly believed them to be whites, for they looked so tanned and emaciated and their dress so much like their own that a few of the Indians spoke of them as only sick Indians. Lewis has mentioned in several instances where the whites would have to roll up their sleeves and show the Indians their true color.

Lewis says: "The flat was now crowded with Indians who came to see the persons of the whites and the strange things they brought with them; but our guide was a perfect stranger in their language; we could converse in signs only. Our inquiries were chiefly directed to the situation of the country, the course of the rivers, and the Indian villages, of all which we received information from several of the Indians, and as their accounts varied little from each other we were induced to place confidence in them. Among others, the Twisted-hair drew a chart of the river on a white elkskin. According to this, the Kooskooskee (Clearwater) forks a few miles from this place; (the North Fork) two days towards is another and larger fork (Snake, called by them the Lewis) on which the Shoshoni or Snake Indians fish; five day's journey farther is a large river from the northwest into which the Clark river empties itself; from the mouth of that river to the falls (Dalles) is five day's journey farther; on all the forks, as well as on the main river great number of Indians reside, and at the falls are establishments of whites. This was the story of Twisted-hair." His geography is better than his history. There were no establishments of whites at the Dalles at this time. A few traders had put into the Dalles before this, Robert Gray discovered the Columbia in 1792. The Nez Perces had gotten this information from the mingling with the lower Columbia Indians with whom they had bartered a few beads and trinkets Lewis and Clark had found among them. They are now camped at the southern part of what is now Weippe, called by them Quamash flats.

The next installment will appear in the next issue of the Clearwater Republican.

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**\*Clearwater Republican, November 11, 1921, p. 5, c. 1-4**

## **HISTORY OF THE OLD LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

Weippe has always been a beautiful situation with sublime scenic surroundings. It had long been a gathering place for the Nez Perces before the advent of the Lewis and Clark expedition,

and even long before the coming of the horse among them, when the women were mostly the burden bearers.

It was the most prolific Kamas field in all their habitat. The Nez Perces tell me the fields in the region of Moscow were the first to be frequented, for kamas was ready to gather here earlier in the season than elsewhere, but Weippe and vicinity was where they made their last and greatest harvest. Some of the older Nez Perce women tell me they dug camas in many places. They say it was a hard days task to dig two fair sized baskets full in the regions of Moscow, but at Weippe they could easily fill four and five of the same baskets in a day.

The old fashioned kamas digger used by them was a flattened stick of the thorn, and a piece of elk horn with a rectangular hole mortised in the center of it which fit over one end of the thorn stick. This handle devise was carried with them from place to place, the stick could be procured at the field.

In later years this prairie also became a favorite play ground for them, where much pony racing was indulged in and gambling and betting ran wild. At these big gatherings it was not uncommon thing for an Indian to bet everything he possessed from his cayuse to his clothes. Among other tribes of the Northwest I have seen Indian men lose their clothes by betting on their favorite horse, and mingle with the crowd wearing nothing but a breechclout and a grim smile. And they would get some hard calling down from their women.

Today Weippe prairie is still the same beautiful location it always was, with many prosperous farm homes, where much hay, grain and stock is raised. The immediate meadow has about 3000 acres under cultivation. The elevation is 3000 feet. The climate is good and the change of seasons about properly balanced. At the northern end of the prairie, close to where Lewis and Clark camped, is the village of Weippe with a store, post office and meat market, pool hall and blacksmith shop, and a fine Rural High School. It is fifteen miles from the railroad on a State Highway running from Greer on the railroad, through Pierce to the Bungalow on the North Fork river. There are numerous other good roads about the locality.

This prairie was even larger at the time of Lewis and Clark than now; owing to the fact that the Indians kept the surrounding land well burned off, and much of the timber, particularly the jack pine, now seen growing, was not growing then. There were numerous long narrow meadows then branching off from the main meadow, and open grass land has been almost closed over by more recent timber growth. Adjacent to this to the north and east was a fine stand and thrifty growth of white pine, cedar, tamarack, and red and white fir. Immediately after the advent of Lewis and Clark a forest fire got into this fine timber belt to the northeast of Weippe, and destroyed a large body of it. A large part of this stand of timber is still growing in the regions of Brown's, Mussleshell, and the Lolo creek basins. Lewis and Clark spoke of this timber. It is now some of the best in the state.

Many have asked me the meaning of the word Weippe. I have asked many others both Indian and whites. All the Indians have said the same thing, "It has no meaning." It is a name only, just as we had names for other places and for the streams and animals. Many of the whites versed in the Nez Perce language say the same thing. But some of the whites tell me it has a

meaning. They say Weippe means a low beautiful valley. This does not belie the facts, but it might be fitting the facts to the names. The Indians used the name for the place long before any whites came among them. They tell of a mythological White Bear that named some of the places, streams and mountains. Miss Kate McBeth relates many of their myths in her book "The Nez Perces after Lewis and Clark." But she did not relate the myth of the Grizzly Bear.

Our Nez Perce friends are a people full of folk-lore and have many old traditions. They told their children fireside tales just as all other races have done. At one time they believed in myths. They would relate their many different myths of the animals and birds who held dominion over the Earth before the real people, (the Nim-e-poo) came. These tales were passed on from generation to generation. I will relate their myth of the Grizzly Bear.

Long, long ago in the period of transition of the dominions of the Earth from the animals to the Nim-e-poo, when these first people pushed their canoes up the Kooskooskee (Clearwater) and made settlement at Kamiah and other places along its course; a boy became lost from his people and in his wanderings met Ha-ha-ats, the grizzly bear. Now the grizzly knew of the coming of the people to supplant the animals; Itsi-ya-yai, the coyote, who was the ruler and wisest of the animals had told him; for the animals of this time had the gift of speech. This information made Ha-ha-ats very wroth, for he loved the domain over which he roamed, and his great strength and fierce disposition and ill temper made it hard for him to pass it over. When he met this boy for the first time, who was one of the progeny of the Nim-e-poo he flew into a towering rage. He raised on his hind feet to a crouching position, his neck stretched out, his ears laid back, his nose turned up by a snarling lip, his teeth gleaming, his mouth driving foam, his eyes glowering with intense hate, his powerful arms with long protruding claws were raised to strike and with hoarse guttural growls and short gasping pants which shook his sides and chest, causing the mountains to quake in sympathetic vibrations he advanced upon this boy with the intent of sudden destruction.

"So you are one of the people who would rob me of my domain. I can crush you with a single blow, I shall devour you," roared Ha-ha-ats. But this Indian boy never flinched nor quavered as he replied, "I can but die, death is only the last change in the phase of life. I have no fear."

When Ha-ha-ats heard these indifferent words and saw the brave attitude of this boy, his rage subsided and he relented from his purpose of destruction. He viewed the boy in calm surprise mingled with admiration. "Surely," said he, "you are of different type of being than the animals, for they would have cowered in abject terror. You have the daring courage of my tribe, the shrewd wisdom of Itse-ya-yat, the coyote; the proud bearing of He-yume, the Eagle. Now do I know our sun is set. You are a race worthy to succeed to these dominions. [remainder of column - 44 lines unreadable - pick up story at top of column 4]

and the wonderful domain bequeathed them." Then silently he vanished. This is the myth of the Grizzly Bear.

The old Indians used to believe in their myths, but no more. No matter what may be the meaning of Weippe, it is an old historic spot to the Nez Perces, and it was Weippe to them when Lewis and Clark first saw it. Meeting first these white men here has made it more

historic to them as well as to us.

Sept. 23rd, 1805. Lewis and Clark conferred with the chiefs today and told them of their mission. Great crowds of Indians are about them, but all is harmony. The men trade a few of the old empty cannisters they have carried, for a few elk skins and proceed to make themselves shirts. Towards evening they break camp and go on two miles to the second village near the present town of Weippe. Here they make camp again. All night the Indians are with them. It is a gala time for them. The whites have missed nothing but a knife taken from their effects. This speaks well for the integrity of the red men they are now among. The village they speak of is made mostly of brush covered with bark.

Tuesday, Sept. 24th. They pack up and "hit the trail" for the Clearwater. Before leaving they send Colter back into the mountains for the lost horses; then they proceed. [remainder of column unreadable - 44 lines]

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*\*Clearwater Republican, November 18, 1921, p. 10. c. 1-6*

## **HISTORY OF THE LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Hack Harlan**

The name, China Island, implies that the Chinamen, who were numerous around and about the Pierce placer diggings, in the early seventies, caused the name of this island by having at various times frequenting the place to wash out a little gold dust. Many whites, as well as Chinks, used to prospect the islands and bars, along the rivers in the Clearwater country, and by the panning, rocking or sluicing process, get fair returns for their labor.

China Island at this time, and at the time of Lewis and Clark, contained close to two acres of rocky ground above water, excepting at very high floods. By this division of the river the early Indians found it easier to maintain their fishing rigs.

This channel must have carried one third of the river at one time. The N.P. Ry. Co. shut off the easterly channel with the debris made in excavating the tunnel adjacent to the island. The upper part of the island has been carried away by the water since the change was made.

Wednesday, Sept. 26th, 1805. While Lewis and Clark are camped at this island they resolve to abandon the horses and make canoes and continue their way to the coast in them. The Nez Perces have explained the courses of the different rivers, and assure them it can be done. Quoting the journal which says, "Capt. Clark, therefor, set out with the Twisted-hair and two young men, in quest of timber for canoes. As he went down the river he crossed at the distance of a mile a creek from the right, which from the rocks obstructing its passage, he called Rockdam river (Orofino Creek) The hills along the river are high and steep, the low lands are narrow, and the navigation on the river embarrassed by two rapids. At the distance of three miles farther they reached two nearly equal forks of the river, one of which flowed in from the north, (the North Fork, called by them the Choppunish and by the Nez Perce Ahsahka) Here he rested for an hour and cooked a few salmon which one of the Indians



caught with a gig. Here, too, he was joined by two canoes of Indians from below; they were long, steady and loaded with the furniture and provisions of two families. He now crossed the south fork and returned to the camp on the south side, thru a narrow pine bottom the greater part of the way, in which was found much fine timber for canoes. One of the Indian boats, with two men, set out at the same time, and such was their dexterity in managing the pole that they reached camp fifteen minutes after him, altho they had to drag the canoe over three rapids."

Rockdam river, named by Clark, was called Taw-weh by the NezPerces, and Oro Fino, by the early placer miners in 1861. It is Spanish meaning fine gold. Along the breaks of this creek and the Clearwater river grew some of the old pines and red firs still seen thinly in some places, more abundant in others. Some of the north slopes had a considerable growth of red fir; but the Indians made an effort to keep the timber burned out as they wanted the grazing land.

Look which way one might one would see but little brush, no fences, no tilled land, but an abundance of succulent bunchgrass covering the flats and hills, where the Indian cayuse grazed and waxed fat. Here too roamed at will the untutored redman who pitched his tent where he listeth; happy and contented, for he knew nothing of the wiles of civilization and his ignorance of this to him was bliss.

In Lewis and Clark's time a few Indian families were camped on the present site of Orofino. They used the flat as a winter habitat. The Taw-weh was a fine fishing stream and the Indian could pole his canoe as far up as the falls. He built his lodges near the springs.

When the time came for the Indians to give up and share all this beautiful country with his white brethren; he was given the first choice in selecting his allotment; sentiment often guided him in making his choice. Many picked the place where some loved one lie buried. Or it might be the favorite haunt of some respected and noted ancestor, or where he as a boy roamed in his childhood. The descendants still stick to some of these selections.

Three prominent events of this noteworthy expedition occurred in what is now Clearwater county. At Weippe they first met with the Nez Perces whose kind and humane forbearance, hospitality and assistance enabled them to live and pass thru their country. One might say they almost killed with kindness. Another event is their determination to go on to the coast in canoes, and making the canoes on the Chase flat in this county. And the other event is leaving the horses to the care of the Nez Perces, who wintered them in this locality; and the honest delivery of these horses in the spring to be described later.

The village of Orofino occupies a unique position, incident to the journey of these sturdy old trail hikers; because it is the only incorporated municipality from the Lolo Pass to the coast, built directly on the paths they trod. There are several built on their return trail, many along the river courses they followed to the coast and many a fine city on the land or domain their audacious exploit helped to acquire.

What might have been the thoughts of these "old-timers" had they seen a modest up-to-date

and progressive inland municipality like Orofino, situated on their trail. A town having many of the modern conveniences and labor saving devices created by applied science - the railway, grain elevator, planing mills, steel bridges, electric lights, telegraph, telephone and wires, steam and gas engines, electric motors and fixtures, creamery machinery, moving pictures, the linotype, kodaks, phonographs, garages and the raucous sounding automobile, modern blacksmithing and repairing, cold storage machinery, steam laundry, sewing machines and cement paved streets and side walks.

These were unheard of, undreamed of discoveries to the most of them. There only had been a small beginning made in the fields of steam and electricity in their time. Then had they seen the modern school buildings and churches and the fairly pretentious brick, cement and lumber business blocks, and many fine homes, some sitting on the path they had to tread, and all the different commodities of merchandise, industries and enterprises carried on in the community; certainly they would have stopped and gazed, amazed, perhaps perplexed at the marvels wrought. For seeing is believing and they were true Americans, on a voyage of inquest, seeking out the natural resources and faithfully reporting the possibilities of all things seen.

But had they been told, all that has here been related, and the many more marvelous features of the greater cities and communities that have sprung up over the vast empire; their sacrifices and untiring energies helped gain, they might have been skeptical on account of the environment in which they were reared; and pronounced it a recitation from the Arabian Nights in which a genie of a wonderful lamp was made to work his machinations. These are a few of the wonders wrought in the short span of a life time. Knowing our superior advantages over these plain and rugged men, and standing in the twilight of the dawn of this century, 1921, who will predict the stride for the next century?

We will now shift the scene from Nov. 12th, 1921 to Thursday, Sept. 26th, 1805. Making a fade-out on our historical screen of all things and persons of the present. Turning back to a setting in primeval nature when two Indian trails made the crossing of Orofino creek. One just above the railroad bridge, the other and best crossing above the Johnson St. bridge. We will throw over ourselves an invisible coat, similar to the one Jack the Giant killer used in working his machinations on Thunderdell and Galligan-tale. In the matter of myths and fairy tales the whites have the early Indian backed off the map - thus will we stand while early American intrepidity passes over this right of way.

All members of the expedition are now together at China island, excepting Colter. They are packed and have started. The day is clear but very hot. They now approach the village on the old Indian trail near the junction of the up river and the Bonner settlement roads. They can now be seen ambling down the hill to go in front of the old lime kiln. Here they swing slightly to the right of the steam laundry past where stood a thick grove of thorns. Then diagonally across 3rd St. then across Johnson Ave. in front of the Millinery and the Merrill house. Through the corner of the Bullock and the Osterhout houses. Right through the back yard of the Orofino Trading Co. building and on back of the village bastile, striking the creek and crossing to the alley back of the Clearwater garage.

It is indeed a solemn but impressive procession that now passes. Most of the men are sick and

find it difficult to sit their mounts, Their gruelling trip across the mountains with inadequate provisions and their inability to readily assimilated the new root diets to which they have been suddenly subjected, places them in this debilitated condition. But they are young and robust and will soon revive.

Here is the full roster of this heroic band. Besides Captain Lewis, who is sick, and Captain Clark, there are the Sergeants John Ordway, Nathaniel Pryor and Patrick Gass. The privates William Bratton, John Collins, Peter Crusatte, Robert Frazier, Rueben Fields, Joseph Fields, George Gibson, Silas Goodrich, Hugh Hall, Thomas P. Howard, Bapiste Lepage, Francis Labiche, Hugh McNeal, John Potts, John Shields, George Shannon, John B. Thompson, William Werner, Alexander Willard, Richard Windsor, Joseph Whitehouse, Peter Wiser and John Colter, who reaches them at the canoe camp tomorrow. Then there are the attaches George Drewyer, a half breed, a very active man -----, Sacajawea and her infant child. She has been honored in memory as much as any. Toussaint Charboneau, a nondescript Frenchman and husband of Sacajawea. And York, the black slave of Captain Clark, and the Shoshoni Indian guide and his son [§41].

There are many of our old Nez Perce friends in the procession with Lewis and Clark are two chiefs, one the Twisted-hair, so named for the twisted cone of hair he wears on the very top of his head; proud that he can be of service to the white men. Believe me brother, these Nez Perces were never adequately paid for the service they rendered. Whites and Indians dressed much alike. A few of the white have new buckskin shirts. I cannot give the color to this parade that could be done some forty years later, when the Indian had their richly colored blankets and later their shawls. But buckskins were the fashion of the day. It has an honored place in our history broadcloth and silks can never fill.

The head of the procession turns slightly to the right and crosses 1st St. near the drinking fountain, on across Johnson Ave. to back of the harness shop and the post office. It then joins the trail that crossed above the railroad bridge and then crosses the cross streets of Main and College avenue, swinging to the right across block to the intersection of Wisconsin St. and Michigan Ave. then along this paved way to the Madison Lumber Co.'s office, on past the water tank, and striking the ford of Clearwater river in front of the depot.

When the head of this notable column is at Michigan Ave. the last of it is crossing the ford of the Orofino, and when it disappears at the ford of the Clearwater river the head of it is across, on their way to the flats now known as the Chase ranche, where they pitch their camp and prepare to make canoes. There are a number of canoes in the river loaded with Indians keeping pace with the column of March. The site of Orofino has never been honored more before or since.

I am indebted to John T. Molloy and J.S. Hogue for pointing out the route through Orofino.

The next installment will appear in the next issue of the Clearwater Republican.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, November 25, 1921, p. 5, c. 1-4*

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## HISTORY OF THE LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS

Written by Jack Harlan

It is a difficult task to always locate the exact spot where Lewis and Clark made their camps. Their journal speaks of a glade, a plain, a flat, a creek, a ridge, an island of low ground, or some other natural object which can be easily identified, but it does not always mention the exact part on these natural objects. One has to do much reading, run out many clues and use ones knowledge of camp life to help determine some places.

Locating the exact spot of their canoe camp has been the most perplexing I have yet been confronted with. The area is large and many natural features have been changed since their time. The Nez Perces I have consulted don't know to a certainty. The remarks reported as theirs are a little confusing. I can get it within a radius of a quarter of a mile, but this is not satisfactory. Goulder, in his "Reminiscences of a Pioneer" speaks of seeing some of the stumps in 1861 from which some of the canoes were made across from the mouth of the North Fork river. He remarked, "Those stumps should last 100 years longer," but he said nothing of the spot where Lewis and Clark camped. All the canoes were made on what is now Chase flat.

Until I have more time to go thoroughly into this subject, I will no attempt to give the exact spot, but will say that it is from one quarter to one half mile above the place where they made their cache on the bank of the river straight across from the junction of the two Clearwater rivers. The excavation for the cache is still visible allies with what the journals say. The cache is on what is now the Clearwater Timber Company's land they acquired as a sawmill site.

There are the remains of a stump on the Chase place on the public road where undoubtedly a canoe was made. Charlie Adams, a half breed, sawed off the top of this stump and sent it to the Portland Fair in 1905 commemorating the centennial of the event. It was originally a tree some five feet in diameter at the stump and would have made a large canoe. No other stumps remain to mark the place where the four other canoes were made. Miss Kate McBeth, in her book "The Nez Perces Since Lewis and Clark," said that in building the N.P. Railway, the last remaining stump which furnished the trees for their canoes was standing below the Orofino depot and was taken out in building the railroad. She is not exact in this. Mrs. Holt, a sister of Charlie Adams, a woman 76 years old, partly corroborates this but says it did not stand on the N.P. right of way, but was near the Care planing mill. She also said there were two big pines on the bank of the river close to where Lamphiers now live, which had the names of the expedition on them. The Nez Perce carefully guarded these trees till the washing away of the bank caused them to fall into the river. She offers to show me where this stump was, which I shall have her do. She is confident one of the canoes was made here. It was a stump cut by an ax and an old one when she was a girl. Lewis and Clark undoubtedly had to look over considerable territory in order to secure the size and shape of the timber necessary to build the five large canoes they made, and they spoiled one or two in the making.

The Nez Perces then living in the vicinity undoubtedly helped to make these canoes. Their descendants tell me so, and under the circumstances and the condition the whites were in, I

believe it. The canoes were made after the Indian fashion and manner, but the Lewis and Clark Memoirs say nothing of the help of the Indians. Here is what their records say. Friday, Sept. 27th, 1805. "Axes were distributed and at an early hour preparations were made for making five canoes. But few of the men, however, were able to work, and of these several were soon taken ill, as the day proved very hot. The hunters too returned without any game, and seriously indisposed, so that nearly the whole party were now ill. We procured some fresh salmon; and Colter who now returned with one of the horses brought half a deer, which was very nourishing to the invalids. Several Indians from a camp below came up to see us."

Saturday, Sept. 28th. "The men continue ill, though some of those first attacked are recovering. Their general complaint is a heaviness of the stomach which is rendered more painful by the heat of the weather, and the diet of fish and roots, to which they are confined, as no game is to be procured. A number of Indians collect about us in the course of the day to gaze at the strange appearances of everything belonging to us."

Sunday, Sept. 29th. "...The men continue ill, but all those who are able to work are occupied at the canoes. The spirits of the party were much recruited by three deer brought in by the hunters."

Monday, Sept. 30th. "The sick began to recruit their strength, the morning being fair and pleasant. The Indians pass in great numbers up and down the river, and we observe large quantities of small duck going down this morning."

Tuesday, Oct. 1st, 1805. "The morning was cool, the wind easterly, but the latter part of the day was warm. We were visited by several Indians from the tribes below, and others from the main South fork. To two of the most distinguished men we made presents of a ring and brooch, and to five others a piece of ribbon, a little tobacco and to the fifth, a part of a neckcloth. We now dry our clothes and other articles, and selected some articles such as the Indians admire in order to purchase some provisions, as we have nothing left except a little dried fish, which operates as a complete purgative."

It is quite evident from the condition the men are in, they are not in shape to do much work. They undoubtedly felled the trees and shaped them with the tools they had, but the Indians helped to burn out the insides of the canoes. Here is how the early Indian made his canoe. To fall the tree he placed chunks endwise against the bottom of the tree and built a fire at the ends next the trees, frequently shoveling the chunks up, which kept the charring process going. Thus it charred its way into the tree until it fell. He burnt it in two at the desired length, and shaped the ends by fire, assisted by chizelling with a stone implement. First he shaped the outside of the canoe as he wished it this ways. Then he turned the stick of timber over and a fire was built on the top side and carefully guarded against burning where it might damage the top sides, or against burning too deeply into sides and bottom.

The ashes and charcoal were often removed and the fire then renewed. When the fire had charred away all they thought best, it was scraped and sized or measured for the thickness of sides and bottom. The Indian depended upon his sense of form largely for this, but he could make a few crude measurements. The white man if he wished to be exact, would bore small

holes over the bottom and lower sides and thus get any uniform thickness he wished, then plug the holes against leakage. The Indian after doing all he could with fire, took his stone chisel and split away the bumps and thinned down the thick places, and if he cared to make a neat job, he smoothed off the rough work with gritty stones. Sometimes he used native paints and outlined some grotesque figure or image on the sides. Thus was he able by primitive methods to make light, serviceable and nifty canoes any length or size he desired for the streams he operated on.

Different tribes in different localities of the Great Northwest had their own distinctive style of canoes. Some Sound tribes, and most British Columbia coast tribes, including a few lower Alaska tribes used to, and I presume they do yet, make very elaborate boats out of cedar, known as war canoes, later used as racing canoes. These canoes were often forty and fifty feet long, with a fanciful carved stick on prow and stern. They would carry as many as forty paddlers with a cargo, and were quite sea worthy.

On gala days along the coast, great interest was taken in canoe racing. Where canoes containing 20 paddlers would compete, and much betting would be done just as the pony Indians loved to bet on their ponies. These Indians, for the streams, had smaller canoes of the Chinook and shovel-nosed type. The best swift water Indian canoe I have seen and used is the shovel-nosed cedar canoe made in western Washington. It would carry a fair sized cargo and handled well up or down stream by poling. They were fairly wide at the center beam tapering to the ends, but blunt on top, with a long under-sloping prow and stern, narrowing almost to a cut-water as it reached the flat bottom.

The Nez Perce canoe was nearer in shape to the coast Chinook canoe, without any elaboration on the ends, with a shorter under-sloping prow, with rounded cut-water at the ends, and having less swell at the beam than the shovel-nose, but slightly deeper. All these swift water canoes were handled by poles or paddles. While these canoes were very serviceable and well adapted to our streams, they were never the buoyant floating and easily portaged canoe as was the birch-bark or more recent Peterboro.

The Nez Perce canoes were made of either cedar or pine, varying in length from 1 to 20 feet or more. The Lewis and Clark canoes were undoubtedly similarly fashioned, but of a larger size. They were made in the same manner, this was the easy way. But for the first time these Indians saw the advantage of the ax and adz, which enabled the whites to make their canoes much quicker. Charlie Adams, previously mentioned, has an adz which he said was given to his grand father for the assistance he gave the whites in helping to make their canoes.

It is a peculiar looking and very old make of tool, that only can be used by one hand. Nevertheless it is a good adz having a chisel shaped bit two inched wide and takes a keen edge. It is intended for adzing or hammering. The two poles are each between four and five inches long and describes a complete arc on the outer curve. In the outer center of the arc is a small hole, counter-sunk, to receive a bolt that goes thru the length of the handle. The handle is about 7 inches long, resting in a socket and held secure to the adz by the bolt.

It is a tool easily knocked down, and made compact for packing, appealing to one as an

implement Lewis and Clark would have selected for the purpose it was used. It must have been a happy surprise to the Indians to see the good use it could be put to in making canoes. Lewis and Clark undoubtedly had several of these tools with them.

The next installment will appear in the next issue of the Clearwater Republican.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, December 2, 1921, p. 5, c. 1-4*

## **HISTORY OF THE LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

There is nothing of more interest to the reader than to quote from the journal and add comments to the narrative as we follow these explorers thru the state.

Wednesday, October 2, 1805. "The day is warm. Two men were sent to the village with a quantity of articles to purchase food. We are now reduced to roots, which produce violent pains in the stomach. Our work continued as usual, and many of the party are convalescent. The hunters return in the afternoon with nothing but a small prairie wolf, so that, our provisions being exhausted, we killed one of the horses to eat, and provide soup for the sick.

The village spoken of was across the Clearwater at Ahsahka, where a large number of Indian families resided at the time. The Nez Perces were very much more numerous then than they now, all along the Clearwater valley. Later the white man's diseases got among them, which carried them off very rapidly. Their habit of taking sweats, in the sweat houses they had, and jumping into cold water, was akin to committing suicide for measles, and some other contagious diseases. But be it to the credit of the Nez Perces, owing to the drastic punishment administered among, very little venereal disease ever troubled them. While on the coast some tribes became almost exterminated thru its loathsome and virulent.

In 1847 measles broke out among the Indians at Ahsahka, and 48 died of it. This was a large part of the population at the time. The ancestors of some of the Indians living at Ahsahka lived elsewhere at the time.

Thursday, October 3, 1805. "The cool fine morning and easterly wind had an agreeable effect upon the party, most of whom are now able to work. The Indians from below left us and we were visited by others from different quarters."

Friday, October 4th. "Again we had a cool east wind from the mountains. The men now were much better, and Capt. Lewis himself so far recovered as to walk about a little. Three Indians arrived today from the Great river to the south. (Snake river.)

The two men also returned from the village with roots and fish, and as the flesh of the horse killed yesterday was exhausted, we were confined to that diet, although unwholesome as well as unpleasant. The afternoon was warm."

The three Indians spoken of, two were chiefs who promised to accompany the whites down the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia rivers. One was We-ah-koo-nut, or Bighorn. "from the circumstances of wearing a horn of that animal suspended from his left arm." The other was Te-toh, or Sky, residing at the mouth of what is now Asotin creek. The third was one of the chief's son.

Lewis and Clark still have much difficulty to procure food for their party. Game is hard to get, for two principal reasons. One is the fact that big game, at that time, had a larger scope of territory to range over and could frequent many more desirable places. The other is, while there may have been more deer in the locality then, the weapons they had for procuring them was not as long ranged as now, necessitating the hunter to do more stalking, and the country being much more open and the deer very wild, caused by the chase by Indians, made them difficult of approach. In the woods stalking was as bad as now with no chance for long range shots.

Te-mah-ke-ate, is the name of one of two brothers, to whom they gave the care of keeping their horses till their return the next year. Te-mah-ke-ate lived on the Taw-weh, near what is now the present Orofino townsite. He was not chief, but a highly respected Nez Perce, truthful and straight forward in his dealings, peaceable in disposition, and obliging and accommodating by helping on the canoes. One of his sons early embraced the Christian faith, when the first missionaries came among them. He became a leading elder in the church and lived an exemplary life among his people. His christian name was Wheeler.

Part of the thirty-eight horses were ranged on the sidehills above and below what is now Orofino. The other part of the herd was wintered at Ahsahka and in the valley and sidehills thereabouts. They had a fine winter range at that time, the bunch grass was high and abundant, and though the snow might come the cayuse would have no great trouble to paw and uncover his forage.

There were four principal chiefs, holding authority over the Nez Percés, then residing in the Clearwater valley, ranking in the following order: Tun-na-moo-toolt, Broken-arm, ranking chief, whose residence was Kamiah, Kamiah seemed to be the capital village then for all the Clearwater county. Neesh-ne-pah-ke-ook, Cutnose, so named for a lance thrust he received in battle with the Shoshonis, whose residence was at the mouth of Yak-tou-weet, (Potlatch Creek.) Held second rank. Wil-lam-mou-it (Twisted-hair,) was third in rank, and held supervision over the Nez Percés from the Naw-web, (Lolo creek,) to and including Big canyon. Ho-has-til-plip ranked fourth and resided near Stites, having supervision of the upper river Indians, above Kamiah.

Chief Twisted-hair's active participation in the events with Lewis and Clark, and his supervision over the horses left in the care of Te-mah-ke-ate and others, seemed to draw the jealous ire of Chief Cutnose, for the two chiefs had an altercation about the horses the next spring when the white men returned for them. The Cutnose unbraided the Twisted-hair for not turning over the horses promptly, and having permitted some of them to be ridden by the Indians. But Twisted-hair did finally turn over the horses in good condition, only three had been ridden. Some had strayed and could not be picked up at once.



Lewis and Clark's estimation of the Nez Perces was very much enhanced after their return the next year, and sojourn of nearly a month among the Nez Perces at Kamiah. Though they held them in high esteem before this. One can hardly see how any people, savage or civilized, could have received a strange people with any more generosity of spirit, and open hospitality than did all these high-minded Nez Perces at this time. The nation owes them a debt of gratitude, and the state may well be proud that such a type of Indian resided within her borders. It is for this reason it has been a pleasure for me to look into their lives and history, yet the half has not been told and will not be in these series of articles.

Sunday, October 6, 1805. "This morning is again cool and the wind easterly\_\_\_\_. At this place a cool breeze springs up during the latter part of the night, or near daybreak, and continues till seven or eight o'clock when it subsides, and the latter part of the day is warm. Captain Lewis is not so well as he was, and Captain Clark was also ill. We had all our saddles buried in a cache near the river, about half a mile below, and deposited at the same time a canister of powder and a bag of balls. The time which could be spared from our labors on the canoes was devoted to some astronomical observations. The latitude of our camp as deduced from the mean of two observations is 46 degrees, 34 minutes and 56 seconds north."

They are off on their reckoning 4 minutes and 56 seconds, according to the township survey plats in this office (Assessors.) They carried a sextant and made their reckonings as would a mariner. Captain Lewis spent a few months in Philadelphia during the winter of 1803 where some Professors showed him the use of this instrument. One should be agreeably surprised to learn they got as close as they did to the exact places on so little learning.

I have already described where they made the cache they speak of. Chief Twisted-hair found that the river, when it raised in the spring, washed off the end of their cache, and he had it moved back across the flat to the hill where he recached it. Both places are still visible.

Monday, October 7, 1805. "This morning all the canoes were put in the water and loaded, the oars fixed and every preparation made for setting out, but when we were all ready, the two chiefs who had promised to accompany us were not to be found, and at the same time we missed a pipe tomahawk. We therefore proceeded without them. Below the forks this river is called the Kooskooskia, and is a clear, rapid stream, with a number of shoals and difficult places. For some miles the hills are steep, the low grounds narrow, but then succeeds to an open country with a few trees scattered along the river. AT the distance of nine miles is a small creek on the left. (Big Canyon.) We passed in the course of the day ten rapids, in descending which one of the canoes struck a rock and sprung a leak. We however continued for nineteen miles, and encamped on the left side of the river opposite the mouth of a small run. Here the canoe was unloaded, and repaired, and two lead canisters of powder deposited; several camps of Indians were on the sides of the river, but we had little intercourse with any of them."

They have now left canoe camp and are camped across from and above Lenore. There must be some clues run out before I can say the exact spot. Lewis and Clark do not describe the canoes they are in floating to the coast, but by gleaning their records closely one is able to say that at least three of them are spoken of as perioques, which are larger than ordinary canoes, and one large, and one small canoe, used much as a pilot boat in the lead. Their boats were a little

unweildly for a river like the Clearwater. This interesting narative will be continued in the next issue of the Clearwater Republican.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, December 9, 1921, p. 8, c. 1-3*

## **HISTORY OF THE LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

Tuesday, Oct. 8th, 1805. "We set out at 9 o'clock. At eight and a half miles we passed an island; four and a half miles a second island, opposite a small creek, (Cottonwood) on the left side of the river. Five miles lower is another island on the left, a mile and a half below is a fourth. At a short distance from this is a large creek from the right, (Potlatch) to which we gave the name of Colter's creek, from Colter, one of the men. We had left this creek about a mile and a half, and were passing the last of fifteen rapids which we had been fortunate enough to escape, when one of the canoes struck, and a hole being made in her side, she immediately filled and sank. The men, several of which could not swim, clung to the boat till one of our canoes could be unloaded, and with the assistance of an Indian boat they were all brought to shore. All the goods were so much wet that we were obliged to camp for the night and spread them out to dry. While all this was exhibited, it was necessary to place two sentinels over the merchandise, for we found that the Indians, though kind and disposed to give us every aid during our distress, could not resist the temptation to pilfering some of the small articles. (This reminds one of the present disposition of the white souvenir hunters.) We passed during our route of twenty miles today, several encampments of Indians on the islands near the rapids, which places are chosen as most convenient for taking salmon. At one of these camps we found our two chiefs, who after promising to descend the river with us, had left us; they, however, willingly came on board after we had gone thru the ceremony of smoking."

One cannot pay too much attention to the distances they mention; it is nearly always overestimated. They are now camped near the mouth what is now called Catholic creek, but not a mile and a half below Potlatch creek.

Wednesday, Oct. 9th. They remain all day at this camp drying their effects. In the afternoon they were much surprised to learn of the disappearance of their old Shoshoni guide and his son who had crossed the mountains with them. The two had resolved to return home to their people. They were seen running up the river; they had made no explanation to any one. Homesickness is a disposition stronger in the Indian than any other race of people. Force him into changed environments and he withers and pines his life away, as he longs for the scenes of his nativity. The impulse to return gripped them like the instinct of the wild geese that mutually rise and wing their way to the south in their yearly migrations. And as unerring as the birds and animals these two creatures sped their way homeward, and though it was late in the year to recross the mountains, it is a ten to one conjecture on their favor they made it without mishap.

The two Captains requested some of the Nez Perce chiefs to stop them, that they might get the pay coming to them, but in this the chiefs dissuaded them for they well knew this disposition

and further they knew it was a trait of their people to have stripped them of all the presents that might have been given them, though they would feed them as they passed back thru their country.

Thursday, Oct. 10th, 1805. It is a fine morning. They load their canoes and set off. They pass the mouth of Lapwai creek, and in the afternoon reach the mouth of the Clearwater, and camp opposite the mouth of Snake river (Lewis river as called by them); close to the state line of Idaho and Washington.

Here is what the journal says about the present townsite of Lewiston and Clarkston. "The country at the junction of the two rivers is an open plain on all sides, broken towards the left by a distant ridge of highland, thinly covered with timber. This is the only body of timber which the country possesses, for at the forks there is not a tree to be seen, and during almost the whole descent of sixty miles down the Kooskooskee from its forks there are very few. This southern branch is, in fact the main stream of Lewis river, on which we encamped when among the Shoshonis. The Indians inform us it is navigable for sixty miles; that not far from its mouth it receives a branch from the south, and a second larger branch, two day's march up, and nearly parallel to the first Chopunnish village we met near the mountains." Their description is a little confused. The branch from the south may be the Grande Ronde, the second and larger is the Salmon (or what they call the Lewis.) The Snake river comes more from the south than does the Grande Ronde. They are more closely describing the Snake than they are the Salmon.

There was a small Indian village at the forks of these rivers then. The Nez Perces called this point Che-me-ne-cam, meaning the meeting of the waters. This is a happy application of a beautiful and appropriate Indian name to an existing fact. And this fact has a significant bearing in the trend of human destiny and in the making of history. The origin of the fact bears a close resemblance to the dynamic forces of geology, whereby the physical features of a vast domain were carved out and ancient river courses changed so the waters which drain 90 per cent of the area of Idaho were made to meet here to form the gateway for navigation to the sea.

These same dynamic forces of nature that eroded the formations of our mountains and made these valleys, also released the gold there from, and ground sluiced it to the creek beds, where in ages to come it was found by the early prospector, which fired the zeal of the money mad throngs to seek and delve in stream and mountain in quest for more. And this in turn caused the steamboat to point its prow into unknown streams seeking the head of navigation which was found at the meeting of these waters.

Here did the early townsite boomer have right to feel that his ambitions for a city would be well fulfilled. Time proved his wisdom, and time will pass beyond his dreams when the well situated and progressive little city of Lewiston comes into its own.

The great erosive forces which carved out these deep valleys, left a medial moraine at the meeting of their waters, making a very sanitary terrain of land now covered with homes; and the subsiding torrential floods of the Clearwater left a long flood plain on which is now built the many business blocks of an industrious city.

At the cut in the hill of the Fifth St. grade, and at the Snake river grade is exposed the material composing this medial moraine. Here lying buried in a common sepulchre are the remains of my many friends and friends and acquaintances met within the different mountain sections of Idaho. The igneous family group, some of the Intrusives, the Trappeans and the Metamorphics.

Lewis and Clark made no prophesy relative to the future, as they gazed over this beautiful situation; but could they have seen in a vision what has since transpired - the building of the twin cities names in their honor - justly would their hearts have swelled with pride.

This closes my narrative for Lewis and Clark's trip thru Idaho. In the morning, October 11th, 1805, they pushed their canoes into the swift current of the Snake river, still known to them as the Lewis, and descend to the Columbia river. October 22, 1805, they strike the first great rapids and falls of the Columbia, and make portages with the canoes. November 2nd they first meet tide water. November 14th they reach the mouth of the Columbia. On the Clatsop river, where elk were plentiful, they build a fort where they live during the winter. Here the men busy themselves hunting and making mocassins and clothing for the return trip. They made 400 pair of mocassins.

March 23rd, 1806. They start back up the Columbia on the return to the states. April 18th, 1806, they cut up two of the larger canoes for wood at the first falls of the Columbia. From here on they begin bartering and trading for horses. At the Dalles they quit all the canoes and pack their effects on horses, and trudge along on foot on the north side of the Columbia. Eleven miles below the mouth of the Snake river, opposite to what is now Wallula, they cross the Columbia. They strike the Walla Walla river and follow it and its tributaries. They hit the Snake river above where is now Asotin. They go down the river and cross at Asotin.

May 5th, 1806. They are again back in what is now Idaho. They cross the present site of Lewiston and dine with the Nez Perces at the mouth of Lapwai. They camp that night at the mouth of Colter creek (Potlatch creek.) Here they stay over the next day with the Indians till 2 o'clock, when they go up the Kooskooskee and camp at the mouth of Rimrock creek.

May 7th, 1806. They cross the Kooskooskee (Clearwater) at the old ford near Agatha and cross Jack's creek, then on up to the level and high ridge between this and Big Canyon creek. They descend into the canyon and camp on a flat where was an Indian village at the time deserted, which is now the present townsite of Peck. The next day the hunters secure four deer and remain at this place till 4 o'clock, when they proceed south up the hill to a level plain where they meet the Twisted-hair. At five or six miles they camp at a little stream from the right, probably near the Bobbitt place. They are following an old trail.

May 9th, 1806. They go on with the Twisted-hair to where he is camped in the Gilbert section of the country. Here they go down what is now known as the Cedar Stairs trail to where they made their cache the year before. They received most of their horses here. They returned to the camp of the Twisted-hair. That night it snowed about six inches. The next morning, May 10th, 1806, they strike out across the Gilbert country around the head of Five mile creek and follow down the ridge between Lawyer canyon and the Clearwater. They called Lawyer

canyon Commearp creek, near the mouth of which was an Indian village and a very large lodge where camped Tun-na-Che-moo-toolt (the broken arm.)

They are now camped in the region of Kamiah, where we will leave them till the next article, which will close the series I have been writing for the press.

This interesting narrative will be continued in the next issue of the Clearwater Republican.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, December 16, 1921, p. 8, c. 3-6*

## **HISTORY OF THE LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS**

**Written by Jack Harlan**

When the expedition was descending the hills towards the Indian village on Commearp creek, later Lawyer Canyon, in honor of the noted Nez Perce chief, they sighted a great concourse of Indians awaiting their arrival. The Indians are togged up in their best attire for the occasion.

Tun-na-che-moo-toolt, Brokenarm, ranking chief, the year before had been given a United States flag, this he now has flying from the top of a tall staff in front of his great lodge, which housed twenty-four families. Here, beneath this emblem, he stands attired in full regalia, consisting of a buckskin shirt and fancifully painted chap-like leggings, fringed and trimmed with pieces of sea-shell; his feet encased in beaded mocassins. For adornment he wears in front a collarette of otter-skin suspended from about his neck, in which are tied a few brass trinkets and rosettes of scalps. Encircling his neck is a large bearclaw necklace. On either shoulder rests a long-strand of twisted hair, tipped with an eagle feather. On his head he wears a full war bonnet completely decked out with eagle feathers, the ends tipped with black paint. For further ornament, the bonnet is trimmed in blue beads and elk teeth. In his left hand he holds a long lance, the end of the shaft resting on the ground, the black obsidian spear-head higher than his war bonnet, at the shaft of which is tied a bunch of variegated eagle feathers that flutter and whirl in the breeze.

Immediately behind him, and similarly arrayed, stand the sub-chiefs, Ho-has-til-pilp, Red Bear, and Yoom-pa-ka-tim, Five Hearts. Neesh-ne-pah-kee-ook, Cutnose, and Wil-lam-mou-it, Twisted-hair, are with the white men. At a short distance to the rear, mounted on slick cayuses, and sitting in dignified mien are many minor chiefs and sons of chiefs. Standing aside and grouped together at a respectable distance ate a vast multitude of men, women and children, all anxiously awaiting the meeting of the notables.

As the white cavalcade nears this assemblage, they swing into front facing the Indians and are hailed. The two Captains dismount and give the reins to York, the black man. Lewis and Clark advance and under the folds of Old Glory are received "with due ceremony."

They do not meet wholly, as strangers, most are known of, and some have met before, and the coming of the white men was expected. The greetings were made in signs, hand-shaking and pantomime. There is unfeigned cordiality in the meeting between the Captains and these battle

scarred warrior chiefs. The ceremony over, all the whites were conducted to a good camping place on the bank of the creek. And a leathern tent spread and the Captains were told it would be their abode as long as they cared to remain.

Lewis and Clark then told them how poor and destitute of provisions they were, and that their men were hungry. The chief spoke to his people about it. two bushels of cured kamas roots and cakes of kouse were brought them. The journal reads, "We thanked them for this supply, but observed that not being accustomed to live on roots alone, we feared that such a diet might make our men sick. Therefor asked to exchange one of our poor horses for one younger and fatter." Lewis and Clark and their men, thru dire poverty and scarcity of game, by this time had become finished, and on the part of the men, none too polite beggars. But necessity and hunger have few scruples, and can not long wait the exact proprieties. Fortunately they are among a forbearing people. The journal resumes. "The hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange; he observed that his people had an abundance of young horses, and that if we were disposed to use that food, we might have as many as we wanted. Accordingly they soon gave us two young fat horses, without asking anything in return." The men were delighted at once more having a full meal.

The Twisted-hair privately spoke to the Captains, whilst they were camped here, about the manner the white men had of crowding into the Indian's mess when they were eating, and taking what they wanted. He told it was becoming very offensive to his people. The Captains quietly spoke to their men, and told them that they were among friends, but not to presume on this friendship by committing any more offenses. The matter was well taken by the men, for they realized that the Nez Perces were a different character of Indian than any they had been among both morally and mentally.

May 11th, 1806. This was still a day of ceremony, and a gala day for the Indians. Lewis and Clark receive the chiefs and present each with a small medal explaining its significance as a token of friendship between the two races. It is precious little the poor fellows have left to give, for after a few days they take an inventory of their stock in trade. 28 awls, 2 dozen knitting pins, 1-2 ounce of vermillion, 2 and 1-2 dozen needles, a few skeins of thread, 30 yards of ribbon and a fair quantity of basilicon, used for eye water, and much sought after by the Indians. Less than \$25.00 would have paid for all this stock. All this to live on for a month, and get them back across the mountains into the buffalo country.

While the festivities were at its height, poor York, the black man, found himself in a dilemma. The Indian women had ceased to have any superstitious fear of him, for they knew he was a human being, but their sense of cleanliness was shocked to have any human being with such a dirty face among them. So they seized him and held him while other women brought water in tight baskets and other vessels, and they proceeded to scrub that dirty face. But to their utter amazement none of the color would come off. Scrub as they might they couldn't even make face red; so they gave it up as a hopeless job and let him go, to the delight of the black boy and the amusement of the on-lookers.

Lewis and Clark told these chiefs of their mission to the coast and the intent of their nation to open trading relations with the Indians for the mutual benefit of all. This had to be done

through interpretation. First it was spoken in English to Drewyer; Drewyer passed it in French to Charboneau; Charboneau spoke it in Minnetaree to Sacajawea, Sacajawea pronounced it in Shoshoni to a Shoshoni prisoner the Nez Perce had among them; and this Shoshoni twisted it into Nez Perce so the Nim-e-poo might understand it or not. Still it seemed to give perfect satisfaction to the men folds. The women were displeased with the proposition. The chiefs said they would make an answer the next day.

True to their word the next day they counceled together, through one voice apparently, and in order to have a favorable answer with the unanimous consent of all, including the women, chief Tun-na-Che-moo-toolt had a feast prepared. He had the pots set to boiling with fish and flesh, and then to make a still more palatable dish he went to every pot and stirred in the flour of kouse, making a mush. Then he exhorted his women to be sane and steadfast to principle and not to do that which would bring regret to their hearts; and ended by saying those who favored the conclusions of the chiefs should display their patriotism and wisdom by partaking of the mush, but for those who were so silly as not to agree with them, they should take none.

Needless to say this had the desired effect of getting unanimous consent by stopping the mouths of their women.

Steaming mush seemed to be more efficacious in getting the silent vote of the fair sex at that time, than does an up-to-date political steam roller of the day in the hands of political regulators, spiclers and heelers. At least the former doesn't leave as many soreheads in the wake. Present politicians have nothing over Chief Brokenarm for clever adroitness.

After camping here for a week the whites resolve to move their camp across the Clearwater river, while they await the snow to leave the mountains so they can recross via the Lolo trail. They make this camp at the mouth of what is now Tom Taha creek about two miles below Kamiah. They now have a better country to hunt in and they busy themselves by preparing for the mountain trip. They have used nearly all the available articles they have for bartering for food. They cut off buttons, and use empty phials and tin boxes in trade. But their best stock in trade is eyewater and they practice doctoring on the natives, with good results in most cases. Lewis naively said that their remedies if not always efficacious were at least harmless, and if it didn't cure it wouldn't prevent their getting well. The practice brought them the needed supplies.

Concluded next week.

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*\*Clearwater Republican, December 23, 1921, p. 8, c. 1-4*

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## HISTORY OF THE LOLO TRAIL AND THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS

Written by Jack Harlan

[Column one is blurry and difficult to interpret. Therefore, this transcription begins with column 2.]

June 9th, 1806. Tun-na-che-moo-toolt (Brokenarm) Miss Kate McBeth says is spelled wrong. It, by her, is spelled Tip-ya-lah-na-jah-nin, meaning Speaking Eagle or sometimes Black Eagle. The Indians tell me he went by both names; his official name being Speaking or Black Eagle, while Brokenarm was his common name. Lewis and Clark always speak of him as Tun-na-che-moo-toolt, or Brokenarm. He was the grandfather of Chief Lawyer, or Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats. This day he and his band take leave of the white men. He promised to send them guides to take them across the mountains. He and his people then start to the rendezvous. Chief Ho-has-il-pilp, Red Bear, bids adieu to the whites and he and his people start for the council grounds. In the afternoon Nees-ne-pah-jee-ook, Cutnose, shakes hands with his white friends and is off for the same place. Yoom-pah-kah--tim, Five Hearts, also sometimes spoken of as One Eye, returned to the Snake river some time ago.

June 10, 1806. The Twisted-hair and his band, the very much trusted friends of the whites, now take their leave of the white men and they too depart for the pow-wow.

The whites round up their cayuses, pack their effects and "hit the Kamiah end of the Old Lolo Trail: for Weippe; where they camp at the same place they did the year before at the south part of the meadow. They speak of it as "bordering a beautiful prairie which is intersected by several rivulets, and as the quamash is now in bloom, presents a perfect resemblance of lakes of clear water."

Here they camp for five days, and successfully engage in hunting. But they are impatient to get started home. Notwithstanding the Nez Perce's caution not to attempt to cross the mountains for nearly a moon, on the 15th of June they start without waiting for guides.

June 17th, 1806. They reach the snow line and find the snow so deep, and the trail so obscure, and the mountains look so much alike, they resolve to go no farther at present. They cache what effects they do not wish to pack back, and return to El Dorado creek, thinking they can subsist on the game of that locality. In the meantime Drewyer, Shannon and Whitehouse are dispatched to the Indian rendezvous to ask Brokenarm to hurry the promised guides. Lewis speaks of numerous mosquitoes on the El Dorado, and the descendants are still there. This is one clue to identifying the creek. They could not get enough game, and the fish they did not like so on June 21st they return to Weippe, and in a few days the three white men with three Indian guides join them.

June 24th, 1806. They return to the El Dorado on their way back across the mountains. On the 25th they camp on Hungry creek, now Fish creek. On the 26 they reached the recent cache they left near Sherman peak. This they repack and go on, passing their camp of Sept. 18th of



the year before, and camp that night on Bald mountain, on the southern slop of which there is fair feed for the horses. The trail is still covered five or six feet deep with old snow. But this they find no disadvantage in traveling as the horses can walk over the top and go much faster than they did when the ground was bare. They speak of the Indian guides as being able to travel the trackless waste without a moments hesitation, and never err in keeping the trail.

June 27th, 1806. They passed Indian Grave camp and Howard's camp of the year before, and they stop and smoke with their Indian guides on the top of Indian Post Office mountain, and camp that night on Spring mountain. The southern exposure here is partially bare, but the feed is very poor. They describe a broad flag like blade of grass which the horses like. It is woodrush and not grass, but sometimes spoken of as snow grass. It is tender and palatable but not a strong food. It soon dries up.

June 28th, 1806. They pass their old camp of Sept. 15th, 1805 near Cayuse Junction, and in the forenoon reach the breaks beyond the head of Papoose creek where, on the south slope, is excellent feed for the horses. In order to recuperate the horses they camp here until morning.

June 29th, 1806. They reach Packer's meadow by noon. Here they dine on a deer the hunters left them, and graze their horses on the same meadow where they camped on the night of Sept. 13th, 1805. In the afternoon they go thru the Lolo Pass and camp at Lolo Hot springs in what is now the State of Montana. Here they enjoy themselves taking mud and hot water baths.

The next day they reach the mouth of Lolo, or Traveler's Rest creek. Here, after resting a few days, the expedition split up. Lewis and a few men, pass the present site of Missoula and up the Clark's fork, crossing over the Rockies to the head of the Marias River, and down this to the Missouri. Clark and party go up the Bitter Root River, cross over to the waters of the Jefferson, where they find the canoes and cache they left intact. Here Sergeant Ordway with a part of the men take the canoes and return down the Jefferson and Missouri. Clark and a few men cross over to the Yellowstone river and follow it down. They all meet again below the mouth of the Yellowstone on the Missouri and go on down together to Mandan and vicinity, arriving August 14th, 1806. This day Colter, at his own request, was given his discharge and settlement, and the next day with two independent trappers he fell in with, returned up the Missouri to its headwaters to trap. The call of the wild was too strong in him to return to civilization.

Sacajawea and Charboneau were left among the Minnaterrees. The rest of the expedition floated on down the Missouri and without mishap arrived at St. Louis at noon Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, 1806. They were received by the firing of a salute and were given a hearty welcome by the whole village. In all this long journey only one member of the expedition was lost. This was Sergeant Floyd, who died in the first year on the trip up the Missouri, and was buried at Sergeant Point at the present site of Sioux City, Iowa.

History records few greater achievements than was accomplished by this noteworthy expedition with more far reaching national importance, with little or no human sacrifice, and at a cost so trivial to the Nation that it should put to shame the avaricious disposition of a money grabbing war click trying to keep up an enormous drain on the national resources of today.

The subsequent history of the Lolo Trail I am compelled to cut short. The Indians continued to use the trail for some years after this expedition, just as they had done before in going and returning to the buffalo country. The trappers made some use of it during the early twenties and have used it more or less since [§42].

The first improvement on the trail was made in 1854 by Major Truax [§43], who made some changes on the trail by blazing it and he did not go into Hungry creek (Fish Creek), but followed the high divide at the heads of Lolo creek and the Fish Creek basins, which is more on the route of the present Lolo trail.

Major Truax is purported to be the person who named the Lolo trail [§44]. Lolo creek, Idaho was named by him after a noted and celebrated Spanish dancer of his time. But it would seem that it should have been spelled Lola if named after Lola Montez, the Spanish beauty and danseuse of that time. Major Fenn is the reported authority for this [§45].

Another strange feature in the naming of the Lolo trail is the fact there are two Lolo creeks at each end of the trail [§46]. One in Idaho, the other in Montana. Ellers Koch of Missoula, Montana tells me that an early breed French trapper by the name of Lau Rence [§47] settled on the Montana Lolo creek and the Indians corrupted his name till it sounded like Lou-lou or Lolo. Most certainly I have seen the name written Lou-lou.

It is quite possible that Major Fenn and Mr. Koch are both right for the naming of these two creeks and hence the name of the Lolo trail and the Lolo pass. It is a happy coincident that the two states can share in the naming of this old historic trail. But if there is anyone who has more authentic information on the naming of the Lolo trail we shall be glad to hear [from them].

Major Truax's blaze is quite distinguishable on the trail [§48]. It is a three notch blaze placed high on the trees and evenly spaced about 10 inches apart. They appear now only as dog-faces and are the oldest blazes on the trail. I cut one out and counted the tree growth which verified closely to the year it was supposed to be put up.

A Captain Bird [§49] was the next person who did some permanent work on the trail in 1863.

But General Howard in 1877 had more work done than any other [§50] contingent on the present Lolo trail, up to the time of the Clearwater Forest Service.

It was thru his direction that some of the greatest changes were made on the trail for military purposes, when he was compelled to follow Chief Joseph over this route. He had the trail well cut as far as Howard's camp and packed howitzers part way across the trail. Many shells have been picked up at different places. One was found this year at Bald mountain [§51].

General Howard was near Howard's camp when he got the hurry call from Gibbons, when Gibbons was corralling Chief Joseph and his band in the Big Hole country, and soon afterwards found he needed more help to get loose from this band than was required to corral them. Howard hurried forward without doing any more work on the trail after this move.

It certainly was an active trail during all this excitement, from the middle of July up to snow. 300 Nez Perce warriors with their women and children, and at least 1500 head of cayuses crossed this trail ahead of General Howard, who followed with several hundred soldiers, and numerous packers and many hundreds of horses and mules.

The effect of this travel is still apparent on the trail. Thru the timber the trail was cut wide, the stumps cut low, and much grading done on the side-hills. If this expedition had a distinctive blaze I did not notice it. The government mark is a notch and a blaze below it [§52]. There are many of these, but none I examined date back to 1877. They were made by the Forest Service. Some of the names to places and streams along this trail were given by this military expedition.

The Forest Service has done the best trail work, making it much easier to travel by some of the changes. But from Howard's camp to the Lolo pass it still remains close to the primitive, in many places, and will require much more work to make it a good trail.

There has been little travel on the Lolo trail in recent years. Occasionally a small party crosses it; now and then a prospector endowed with a feeling of wander-lust, or gripped by the lure of the trail, strikes back into those mountains over this route, hoping against hope that fortune may strike him. A solitary forest ranger and a few smoke chasers and look-out men with their outfits travel a part of it. Seldom if ever do the Nez Perces travel its entire course. The most of it is a Ghost trail of its former days and as such will ever remain. Thus have we reached the end of our trail.

### ***THE END***

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***\*Clearwater Republican, December 30, 1921, p. 1, c. 6***

### **Harlan Corrects Minor Errors in History Story**

I have tried hard to relate the historical facts connected with events of the Lolo trail. Being a novice in such work I find I have made one or two mistakes, some mistakes hardly worth mentioning. The major mistake has been called to my attention by Mr. Miles Cannon of Boise, to whom I feel greatly indebted. When Lewis and Clark first came into what is now Idaho in the Lemhi and Salmon River country, I said they came thru the Beaverhead Pass. Mr. Cannon says I should have said the Lemhi pass. I had in mind the same pass for I have heard the pass spoken of as the Beaverhead. He then directs my attention to where I said "They doubled back on the route they had traveled coming into Idaho, returning to the Jefferson, thence across to the head of the Bitter Root river." This is an unwarranted mistake by me which I made by a bit of careless reading, but I was hurrying to the Lolo trail where I expected my real story to begin.

Lewis and Clark when they left the Lemhi valley went by way of Fish creek, now known as the North Fork of the Salmon river, past what is now Gibbonsville and thru the Crowfoot pass to the head of the Bitter Root river. Publishers please correct.

Mr. Cannon tells me that Sacajawea "lived to a ripe old age and was buried at Fort Washakie, in the Shoshoni Indian Reservation north of Lander, Wyoming." I hope this is true, but I have

authority for writing what I did about her, and until I make further investigation I will pass it.

As a whole the students of history can depend on the facts as set forth; later I shall revamp, rearrange and correct all discrepancies and add more data and many interesting sidelights that in my hurry to keep ahead of press, I have been compelled to leave out, and other facts that have come to me since I started the series of articles. I am indebted to the Nez Perce themselves for much of the data I have given about them. They have taken great interest in it, and encourage me to go on. I have found the most of them very truthful and all intend to be, but get a little mixed up on time of events. The Lewis and Clark event was one well remembered by them, and nearly all tell the same story about it.

The motive in writing the article was for the purpose of awakening a sentiment in the minds of people, particularly Idahoans, that this trail has a history as much renowned as any trail on the continent and should be properly marked as to the camping places of Lewis and Clark thru our state. This I have done on the Lolo trail with the exception of the Fish creek basin before mentioned, also other places of interest are marked or will be marked. The State Historical Society has proffered aid.

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*\*Clearwater Tribune, February 20, 1931, p. 6, c. 1*

## **LAND BEYOND THE ROCKIES**

### **To The Memory of Lewis and Clark and the Wraiths of The Old Lolo Trail (by John P. Harlan)**

The Lolo Trail had a very ancient geological setting. The vast terrain of land encompassing it belongs to the Archean Age. In eons past a titanic cataclism in earth movement took place changing the physical of this terrain. Breaking it up into vast segments of blocks. Many of these blocks were tilted up more or less edgewise and the watershed we see between the Lochsa and the North Fork of the Clearwater rivers is the angle of a block, or apex of the uplift; whose axis is transverse to that of the Bitter Root mountains which were formed at the same time.

The Lochsa side is the face of the fracture plane of this uplift, and the fracture line or fissure made was the original seat of that river. Consequently, this side was very abrupt, and its numerous streams now falling into the Lochsa are rapid and short.

The North Fork side was the top of the segment, and was a monocline dipping northwesterly. This stream also had a part of its setting in a fracture plane; but being farther removed from the apex of the axis in question, its southerly tributaries are very much longer.

Then came the great mechanical and chemical forces of erosion. Glaciers, water and air, all in motion. Frost and heat and chemical alterations, making the rock more friable, and consequently more easily eroded. In time all these forces materially deepened the many streams, cut down the pinnacles, smoothed off the hillsides and rounded the mountain tops, leaving along the ridges and sides large boulders and small stones on the higher elevations

mingled with thin soil, and tallus at the foot of declivities, etc. It is this that made the route of the trail one continuous change in altitudes, from deep saddles to mountain tops, varying from 5000 to 7000 feet in elevations.

The rocks consist largely of granite and granitoids. Seamed by numerous intrusions of porphyry and diorite, very silicious and chrystaline, and hard on sole leather. As for precious metals, must say I was prospecting for trails and not for metals and minerals, but having been a prospector, will say, every rock picked up has "a lean and hungry look."

The area, as a whole, is and has been well timbered since ages past. It has been subjected to heavy burns at all times, which has been one of the agencies in building up the quality of the soil. In the many basins and mountain slopes there is a vast quantity of fine timber of a merchantable variety, but from 6000 feet and over, which constitutes only a small part of the area, owing to altitude, the timber has little lumber value, yet all is worthy of conservation so essential to moisture, precipitation and future commercial purposes.

The Lolo Trail had its beginning at the mouth of Lolo creek in the Bitter Root valley, Montana. It followed the general course of this stream past Lolo hot springs, through the Lolo pass, elevation 5254 feet, then swinging more westerly it crossed Crooked creek, a branch of the Lochsa, up along a broken divide to the higher watershed, previously mentioned, then along this high apex for some fifty miles, descending from this divide it terminates at Weippe, Idaho, elevation 3000 feet.

The distance from Lolo pass on the state line, to Weippe, is close to 105 miles by this route, but owing to the meanderings of Lewis and Clark, they traveled a much greater distance.

The early Nez Perces (Nimapoos, of First People, as they called themselves before the white man came), sought out this trail and used it from time immemorial. First for intercourse with the Flathead Indians in Montana. After coming into the possession of the horse, about the time of our Pilgrim Fathers, it became a more active trail for our Nez Perce friends to the buffalo country on the headwaters of the Missouri river. The tread of many hoofs beat out the old ghost trails still visible in many places.

Without explaining how nor why, destiny decreed that a part of the journey of Lewis and Clark should be over this old Indian trail. The first white men to tread its rocky paths, and one of the most notable events in the history of the Northwest.

On Friday, September 13th, 1805, they came through the Lolo pass, and camped at the lower end of Packers meadows (Squamish Glade).

On the 14th they missed the trail they should have taken, and crossed over a high mountain to White Sand creek. They followed down this creek two miles to its mouth, where with Crooked creek, they unite and form the Lochsa river (Kooskooskee). They crossed the mouth of Crooked creek and camped at Powell pasture. Here they killed a colt "the last thing we could spare," they said, and "supped" on it for two meals. They gave this camp and White Sand creek the name of Colt Killed camp and creek.

On the 15th they climbed back up the old Lolo trail and camped on a high mountain southerly from Lost lakes, where at a snow bank they obtained water, and "supped" on the remains of the colt killed the previous evening.

On the 15th a snowstorm began early and it snowed all day, which caused them much misery, and necessitated careful vigilance lest they lose the trail again. Hungry, tired and footsore, they camped at what is now Howard's camp, a mountain meadow.

This day they crossed over Indian Post Office mountain, one of the highest peaks on the trail, where there are many Indian signs made up of stone, and rock cairns known and spoken of by white men as "He-he" stones, a sort of trail altar, where the early Indian held communion with his Ah-sok-ah-le Ty-ee, and would leave some little token as a medicine to appease his ruling spirit or wa-kin. Lewis on the return trip over this trail in 1806, speaks of one of these cairns on this mountain where the Nez Perce guides requested a halt while they communed and smoked for nearly an hour, before they were ready to go on. One of the He-he is still standing, another has been torn down. Many of the signs have been disturbed. At Howard's Camp they killed another colt and "supped" on it. After a cheerless night for man and beast, they are delayed in the morning in gathering their scattered horses.

On the 17th, after getting a late start, they proceed ten miles (less than 8 miles) to another mountain meadow, known now as Indian Grave. Here they camped and killed another colt. "This want of provisions and the extreme fatigue to which we were subjected, and the dreary prospects before us, began to dispirit the men. It was therefore agreed that Captain Clark should go ahead with six hunters and endeavor to kill something for the support of the party." (Hosmer's Lewis and Clark).

On the 18th Clark proceeded "and at a distance of twenty miles saw an extensive plain to the west and southwest bounded by a high mountain."

Olin D. Wheeler, the historian who was over the trail in 1900, in his compilations of the journals of Lewis and Clark, in his annotations, has Clark going over Rocky Ridge. From this place a full view of the prairie country can be seen. Wheeler routes Lewis and Clark around and across the headwaters of Lolo creek, Idaho, and the Mussellshell on to Weippe. This is entirely in error as one is amply able to prove. It caused me to take a second trip over the trail to make sure of being right.

This was an old Indian trail which Clark, had he chosen, could have taken. This route became the most used by the early white people, and all the earlier improvements were made on it. General Howard used and greatly improved it, and the Forest Service has made it their main trail. They are now engaged in making a truck tote road via Rocky Ridge.

The route Lewis and Clark followed was via Fish creek (Hungry creek), but as a through route to the Lolo pass it has been abandoned for years. The government has a trail the full length of Fish creek, and now a way trail up to where Lewis and Clark left the high divide.

Clark and his party went over Sherman peak where they saw only an outline of the prairie

country beyond the Clearwater river, but enough to know it was their objective. They dropped down to Fish creek and camped. Procuring no game, these seven men went hungry, hence the name Hungry creek for our Fish creek.

To save repetition, we will jump Clark and party through to Weippe. On September 19th they go up Fish creek and at a little meadow six miles up found a poor boney abandoned Indian cayuse. The men wished to shoot it. Clark hesitated, the men urged by hunger, insisted. Clark yielded. They downed it and made their breakfast from it, hanging up the balance for those following.

Abusing themselves and horses, they go to the little meadow on Cedar creek, a branch of Eldorado creek, and camped, having two pheasants for supper and breakfast. On September 20th, they crossed Lolo creek just above the mouth of Eldorado creek, and took the Crane meadow trail to Weippe where they were royally received by the first Nez Perces they met.

We will return to Lewis, who gives better descriptions, also closer distances.

(Concluded next week)

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*\*Clearwater Tribune, February 27, 1931, page 1, c. 6 and page 3, c. 2-3*

## **LAND BEYOND THE ROCKIES**

### **To The Memory of Lewis and Clark and the Wraiths of The Old Lolo Trail (by John P. Harlan)**

September 18th, 1805. They got a late start from the Indian Grave. The horses strayed and one was never found. The most of the men were walking. There are twenty-six persons, not counting the wee infant Sacajawea carries on her back. They have twenty-nine horses badly jaded, most of them packed with different effects, but not with supplies. Two horses had already been abandoned, several days back. At night fall they camped on a depression about 1 and one half miles westerly of Bald Mt. and melt snow for water, and "supped" on a little "portable soup." They have 20 pounds of bear oil which they are saving. "At six miles the ridge terminates and we have before us the cheering prospect of the large plain to the southwest.

The ridge apparently does break up in the locality about Sherman peak, and doesn't assume form again until one gets beyond Sherman saddle, if traveling the Rocky Ridge route, but both Clark and Lewis went to the top of Sherman peak, an isolated high butte west of Sherman creek. Here they could see the outline of the prairie country.

Glad to leave the high dividing ridges, they have been following for thirty-five miles or more, Lewis following Clark, descended from here along a ridge over Grouse Mt. and other knolls, keeping the ridge close to Willow creek, and at six miles (nearer seven) came to Hungry creek where it was fifteen yards wide (check) and received the waters of a branch from the north (check, Willow creek.) We went up Hungry creek on a course nearly due west (check) and at

three miles crossed a second branch (check, Obia creek) from the same quarter."

Check and "double check" on all this, excepting the branch (Obia creek) is nearer one mile up than three miles. Where they crossed Obia creek it comes from the north as said, but swings to the northwest after a mile up. Where Obia creek joins Fish creek, they are practically the same size. Hence, the reason they always spoke of it as "the branch," especially on their return trip over the same route. They speak of the cedar not growing east on their route than "the branch," (check).

Beginning above Obia creek, there is a wonderfully fine growth of old cedars some of them 300 to 400 years old, and they persist for four or five miles above where Clark and Lewis left Fish creek. All this should satisfy the reader that they traveled the route here described and not over Rocky Ridge.

When Lewis hit the steep canyon above Obia creek on Fish creek the memoirs say "the road along the creek is a narrow rocky path near the borders of very high precipices from which a fall seems almost destruction. One of our horses slipped, and rolled over with his load down the hillside, which was nearly perpendicular, and strewn with large irregular rocks, nearly a hundred yards, and did not stop until he fell into the creek."

They expected to find him dead but it never hurt him. When I came to this part of the route, though on a good government trail, I felt safer on my own feet, so walked. The old Indian trail is up higher.

Lewis camped about three miles above Obia creek, on a bar among the cedars near a little stream. They made "eighteen miles" which is close to right. Having no other provisions they regaled themselves on a little more "portable soup." This lack of provisions is getting them. The men are growing weak and losing their flesh very fast; several are afflicted with dysentery, and eruptions of the skin is very common. But if they are able to put more holes in their belts to close up the aching in their "tummies" they will make it yet.

September 20th. The Lewis party gets a late start as usual on account of straying horses. Two miles up the creek they came to the small meadow where they found the horse meat hung up by Clark. On up close to another meadow they halt by a small stream where they proceed to prepare themselves a Belshazzar feast from the horse meat. They leave nothing but the head, hoofs and bones. And these were devoured the next night by two of their men who have been sent back to look for a lost horse that got away while they were having their feast. These men cleaned up the ears, lips and tongue of the animal and wished they had cared for the hoofs before they were able to overtake the party.

About a mile above from where they had feasted, Lewis following Clark, leaves the creek and climbs to the top of McLendon Butte [§53], and believe me brother a climb is right. The old Indian trail is getting plainer and one is able to pick it up in many places, on through to Weippe. The party turn westerly over Middle butte then Frenchman butte and camp near what is now the Moosehorn [§54] on the Pete King trail. They "supped" on the remnants of the horse.



September 21st. Lewis and party continue their journey. They pass the Clark camp of the 19th and continue on and camp on the Lolo creek (Collin creek) meadow. They were lucky enough to kill a coyote during the day, and a few pheasants and this with the last of their bear oil made them a supper. In the morning, September 22nd, it took them until eleven o'clock to find their horses, then they set out and at Cranes meadow are met by the man Clark had sent back with some fish, roots and berries procured from the Indians at Weippe. This with a crow they had killed satisfied their hunger. Proceeding they crossed the Lookout mountain and were overtaken by two men, who had gone back to Hungry creek to look for the renegade horse. They were both exhausted and in a deplorable condition.

The question has been asked often why it was they could get no more game than they did? This is answered by another question, why should game at that time stay back in such inhospitable fastnesses, when before the country was settled by the white people, game had a better habitat? There is more game back there today because it was forced back and is protected [§55].

Lewis and party are happy now for they believe their great troubles are over. Towards evening, they reach the Weippe meadow, and the end of the Lolo trail.

Thus they slaved and starved their way across those rugged silent hills, that will never be the permanent abiding place of man.

Endured as they had been at all times on their journey, to toil, hunger and privation, these rock-ribbed ridges, tried to the uttermost their valor and endurance, and well nigh proved their sepulchre. Does it mean anything to you or I that they succeeded?

On going back over this old trail in 1921, rock cairns were started where they could be, and a post in the center marked on with a pencil giving the necessary data, with a request to those who passed and read it, to place on another stone.

The sentiment in mind when the request was made was that there were none so lofty they could do more, none so lowly they could do less, but all would thus contribute in common, after a common manner, in applying a common tribute to the memory of those sterling men, in those rugged fastnesses had so nearly made the last supreme sacrifice in their efforts to carry on.

Returning again last year, we found the legends unintelligible and some had fallen down. So occurred the thought they must be made enduring [§56].

There is much subsequent history about this trail of an interesting nature but requiring more space and time allotted to properly bring it out. Some of it had an indirect bearing on our claim to the land beyond the Rockies. Other happenings belong directly to the history of the state.

The request made is for bronze markers of various sizes. A few camps of Lewis and Clark were also common camping places for the others. Such facts will be set forth by a few suitable words on these markers. This would be a matter of detail with the State Historical association.

It all depends on how our state legislators react towards the sentiment for furnishing the markers and some necessary material. The labor required shall be volunteer.

**(The End)**

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*\*Clearwater Tribune, May 31, 1935, p. 1, c. 5*

## **TO MARK LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL**

### **Lewiston Daughters of American Revolution Furnish Bronze Tablets**

Three bronze tablets to be placed at important historic points along the Lolo trail this summer are being displayed in the show window of the Washington Water Power company this week. The tablets were given by the Alice Whitman Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Lewiston, and will be placed at three historic spots in the Clearwater Forest in July or August by John [Jack] P. Harlan and J. L. Houx. These are the first permanent markers to be placed along the Lewis and Clark route in the Clearwater country. The D.A.R. in Montana have marked many of the important camp sites of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and the Idaho chapters have done some work along this line at Spalding Mission and along the Oregon Trail.

One marker will be placed at the site of the first Lewis and Clark camp on the Lolo Trail at a place called by the explorers "Squamish Glade," now known as Packer's Meadow. This is near the Montana and marks the camp of September 13, 1805, when the famous expedition was en route to the Pacific.

The second marker is to be placed at Indian Grave where Lewis and Clark camped September 17, 1805. At this point the journals of the expedition speak of the men as being "dispirited" and hungry. They killed a colt and ate it for their supper when they camped there one hundred thirty years ago. The party divided at this point, six men going ahead to hunt for game.

The third tablet marks a spot where three historical parties...., the place now being known as Howard's Camp. Lewis and Clark reached this place September 16, 1805, and state in their journals that it "snowed all day." Chief Broken Arm camped there on his way to St. Louis after the "White Man's Book" in 1831. General Howard, from whom the site gets its modern name, camped there in 1877 when he went over the Lolo Trail in pursuit of Chief Joseph.

It is hoped by local people interested in preserving the historic places in this region that other organizations will, from time to time, become interested in the marking of the Lolo Trail, and that each year will find additional places of interest marked for posterity.

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*\*Clearwater Tribune. September 6, 1935, p. 1, c. 2*

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## **LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL MARKED**

### **Lewiston D.A.R. Tablets Put Up at Three Historic Places in County**

Three bronze tablets were placed at important historic points along the trail through the Clearwater taken by the Lewis and Clark expedition 130 years ago by John [Jack] P. Harlan, local historian. The forest service furnished a car and driver (Tommy Thompson of Pierce) to Mr. Harlan and the expedition required Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Gas pipes holding the markers were cemented in the ground to make a permanent and lasting job.

The markers were furnished by Alice Whitman chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Lewiston, and were on display several months in the local Washington Water Power company windows. They are the first permanent markers to be put along the Lewis and Clark route in Clearwater county, although the D.A.R. in Montana has marked many of the important camp sites of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and Idaho chapters have done some marking at Spalding Mission and along the Old Oregon Trail.

Mr. Harlan placed a marker at Indian Grave where Lewis and Clark camped [§57] September 17, 1805. At this point the journals of the expedition speak of the men as being "dispirited" and hungry. They killed a colt and ate it for their supper when they camped there one hundred and thirty years ago. The party divided at this point, six men going ahead to hunt for game. Indian Grave is about 1000 feet from the forest development road along Lolo divide.

Another one was put at Howard Camp which is right on the forest road [§58]. Lewis and Clark reached this place September 16, 1805, and state in their journals that it "snowed all day." Chief Broken Arm camped there on his way to St. Louis after the "White man's book" in 1831. General Howard, from whom the camp got its modern name, camped there in 1877 when he went over the Lolo trail in pursuit of Chief Joseph.

The other marker was placed at the site of Lewis and Clark's first camp on the Lolo trail at a place called by the explorers "Squamash Glade," now called Packers Meadow. This is near the Montana line and marks the camp of September 13, 1805, when the famous expedition was en route to the Pacific. The marker was placed on the edge of the meadows which are three quarters of a mile from the new forest road [§59]. The actual camp site was about a 1000 feet from the marker. A side road leads to the meadows, but there is none going to the camp site, Mr. Harlan stated.

Signs were left at each marker by Mr. Harlan asking each passerby to add a stone around the base in order to keep up interest in the historical spots and to let future generations know of previous visitors. The forest service, Mr. Harlan said, has agreed to take care of the markers [§60].

 **This is the end of the newspaper records** 

## Lewis and Clark Campsites as Located by Harlan

The following are comments about the campsites locations reported by Harlan. He does not locate the camps for September 10 through September 12 which were on Lolo Creek on the Montana side. Harlan's comments are paraphrased or summarized by the Author.

***Westward - Friday, September 13, 1805 [correctly reported as "Packer's Meadows"]*** Harlan locates their camp on the lower part of "Packer's Meadow." My research shows that this camp was at the very south end of Packer Meadows where the meadow narrows and finally disappears. It is above the creek on the east side, 1.1 miles from the Lolo Pass Visitor Center. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 37.380m W114d 34.391m.

***Westward - Saturday, September 14, 1805 [incorrectly reported as Powell Pasture]*** The correct location is at Powell Range Station and is probably where the helicopter pad is located directly north of a small island in the Lochsa River. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 30.536m W114d 42.523m.

***Westward - Sunday, September 15, 1805 [not located]*** Harlan placed them east of Cayuse Junction, which is correct, but he did not specify the location more precisely. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 35.149m W114d 49.892m

***Westward - Monday, September 16, 1805 [incorrectly reported as Howard Camp]*** Harlan has this camp located incorrectly. The actual camp was located northeast of Moon Saddle, at the forks of Moon Creek. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 32.456m W115d 00.481m.

***Westward - Tuesday, September 17, 1805 [correctly reported as Indian Grave Camp]*** My research shows this to be the correct location of this camp. They camped south of the meadow on the ridge. after crossing the small creek running into the Lochsa. They did not camp at the large Sinque Hole at the saddle to the east of Indian Grave Camp. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 29.826m W115d 08.839m.

***Westward (Clark) — Wednesday, September 18, 1805 [not located]*** Harlan comments that Clark probably dropped down to Hungry Creek (called Obia Creek in 1921) but he does not give a location. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 23.281m W115d 28.803m.

***Westward (Lewis) — Wednesday, September 18, 1805 [reported as east of Noseeum Meadows]*** This location by Harlan is absolutely the easternmost possibility. Computer analysis shows that they more likely camped on a "dry ridge" somewhere west of Sherman Peak. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 25.351m W115d 22.961m.

***Westward (Clark) — Thursday, September 19, 1805 [Cedar Creek Meadows]*** I do not know this location that Harlan gives. Clark and his small party camped on Cedar Creek, a branch of Eldorado Creek. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 18.428m W115d 42.761m.

***Westward (Lewis) — Thursday, September 19, 1805 [incorrectly located on Fish Creek]***

Harlan believed that Lewis came down off of Sherman Peak to the mouth of Willow Creek and then went up Fish Creek to the mouth of Hungry Creek. He implies that they camped on Fish Creek about three miles above the mouth of Hungry Creek. The actual campsite is on Hungry Creek. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 22.768m W115d 31.259m.

***Westward (Clark) — Friday, September 20, 1805 [Weippe Prairie]*** Harlan locates Clark's camp at the "second Indian Camp" on the old Patrick Gaffney place. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 22.063m W115d 55.990m.

***Westward (Lewis) — Friday, September 20, 1805 [incorrectly located on a ridge between the waters of El Dorado, Fish, and Canyon Creeks]*** Harlan does not give a precise location for this but says it is near "Moosehorn." This location is at least a two miles in error. Camp Moosehorn is an old road building camp on the original French Butte Road. It is about 2 miles SSW from Canyon Junction. Lewis and the main party actually camped on the ridge about 1.5 miles northeast of the mouth of Dollar Creek. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 18.916m W115d 38.088m.

***Westward (Lewis) — Saturday, September 21, 1805 [near Lolo Campground]*** Harlan locates this camp about one mile down from the mouth of El Dorado Creek. This camp was more likely in a small meadow on the north side of Lolo Creek about 1.7 miles down from the mouth of Eldorado Creek. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 17.386m W115d 45.460m.

***Westward (Lewis) — Sunday, September 22, 1805 [not located]*** Harlan does not give a location for this camp. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 21.092m W115d 54.317m.

## Bronze Plaques Erected by Harlan

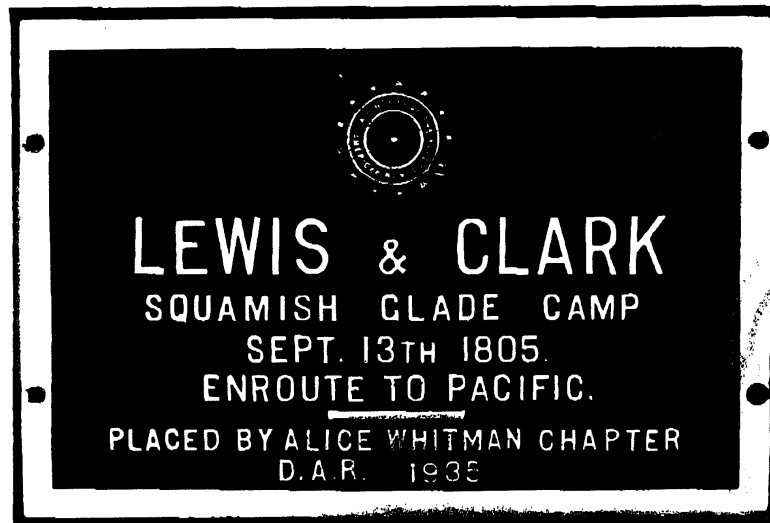
Three bronze plaques were erected at Lewis and Clark sites along the Lolo Trail. The markers were furnished by the Alice Whitman Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Lewiston, Idaho. Gas pipes holding the markers were cemented in the ground to make a permanent and lasting job. Harlan traveled along the newly-finished Lolo Divide Road (Lolo Motorway) with car and driver (Tommy Thompson of Pierce) furnished by the U. S. Forest Service. According to the news article, these were the first permanent markers erected along the Lewis and Clark route in Clearwater county. Harlan also started the erection of three rock cairns associated with each marker. These markers were put at the following three locations:

1. The first marker was placed at the 'Glade Creek Camp' of September 13, 1805 at Packer Meadows. This was their first campsite in the north-central Idaho area.
2. The second marker was placed at the campsite of September 17, 1805 which is located in the Indian Grave area on the Lolo Trail. This is the location where the Corps split into two groups. A small, fast group led by Clark with the task of getting to the prairies ahead as fast as possible and the main party, led by Lewis.
3. The third marker was placed at Howard Camp on the Lolo Trail. Harlan believed this was the September 16, 1805 campsite but he is incorrect. The 'Lonesome Cove' campsite of this date is located on the east branch of Moon Creek, northeast of Moon Saddle.

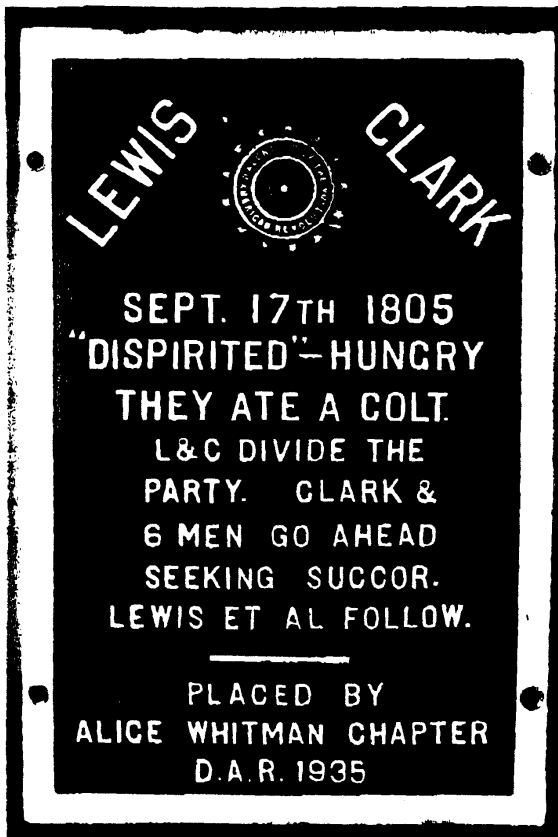
The following are photos and black-white images of these plaques (markers). The only surviving bronze plaque is now displayed at the Lolo Pass Visitor Center on US Highway 12 at the Idaho-Montana border.



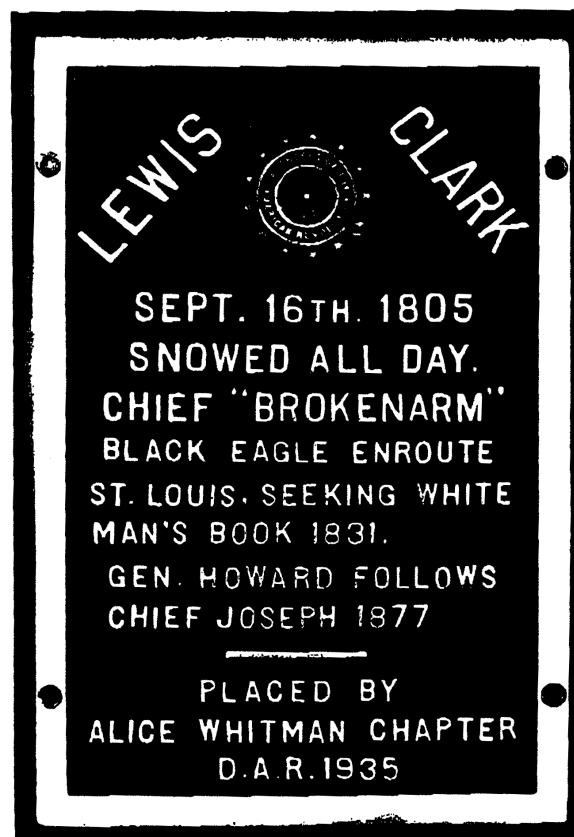
Plaque #1 for Marker Erected at Glade Creek Camp on the south end of Packer Meadows. This plaque is now on display at the Lolo Pass Visitor Center on US Highway 12 on the Idaho-Montana border.



Plaque #1 for Marker Erected at Glade Creek Camp on the south end of Packer Meadows



Plaque #2 for Marker Erected at Indian Grave Camp on the Lolo Trail



Plaque #3 for Marker Erected at Howard Camp on the Lolo Trail. This was not the true location of the encampment.

## Endnotes

1. If this information was published, a copy needs to be found so it can be re-published.
2. This is probably Rivulet, Montana, now a railroad siding on the Clark Fork River about 15 miles west of Alberton, MT. The lat/lon is N47° 00.31', W114° 44.46'.
3. There are several "Fish Lakes" in the area. There is one on the North Fork of the Clearwater at the head of Little Moose Creek. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 49.058m, W114d 54.675m. There is a second Fish Lake is between on Lochsa and Selway Rivers and is the more well known with an airplane landing strip. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 19.9954m, W115d 03.039m. The third one is on the Montana-Idaho border. The Lat/Lon is approximately: N46d 49.471m, W114d 54.487m. It makes the most sense that the survey started at this third Fish Lake because it is the closest to the actual railroad lands at Lolo Pass.
4. These monuments have long since disappeared. The D.A.R. plaque for the Glade Creek camp is now on display at the Lolo Pass Visitor Center. The other "notices" or plaques are no longer to be found. The large rock monuments were probably not built because so few people followed the Lolo Trail after the Motorway was built. I've never seen evidence of them.
5. On the Montana side of the trail it was called the "Lou-Lou Fork Trail."
6. This idea of messages is pure fantasy as far as my research has been able to determine. The rock cairns are not mentioned in the journals of Lewis & Clark in 1805-06 nor by Work (1831), Mullan (1854), Nicholson (1866), or Howard (1877). The first mention is the notation of "Indian Monuments" in an 1898 map of the area.
7. This stop was at Smoking Place, not Indian Postoffice.
8. The Nez Perce men generally smoked as a social event, not a spiritual one.
9. The old Lolo Pass is directly north of Packer Meadows.
10. The trail crossed Brushy Fork near its mouth and went southwestward up a spur ridge to the main ridge to the south.
11. Harlan has this camp misplaced. It was exactly at Powell Ranger Station about where the helicopter pad is right across the river from the island.



12. This is now the area of Wendover and Whitehouse campgrounds. There river adjacent to the campgrounds is where the fish weirs were located. Bud Moore had a trapper cabin at this location.
13. Harlan is correct, the noon stop for the party was at Spring Mountain.
14. Harlan has this camp in the wrong place but this error is understandable since the distance and descriptions from the Lewis and Clark journals could be interpreted this way without careful research. Harlan was following the Bird-Truax Trail of 1866 which did not go through the actual campsite. The actual camping place was just east of the forks of Moon Creek and northeast of Moon Saddle.
15. The citation given for this edition of the Lewis and Clark journals is: Hosmer, James Kendall. History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804-1806. Reprinted from edition of 1814, 1903.
16. By 1921, there were pretty good plane-table topographic maps available for the Lolo Trail area which had been surveyed at least twice by this time. The Bird-Truax Trail of 1866 is plainly marked on these maps and its location is accurate enough for Harlan's purposes.
17. This statement is certainly not true. Lewis and Clark followed the old Northern Nez Perce Trail all of the time and the Bird-Truax crew used the same old trail as a guide to lay out a wagon road grade from Deep Saddle to Lolo Pass, over the "hogbacks." Lewis and Clark did not follow the old trail at Powell in 1805 but did in 1806.
18. Harlan was on the Bird-Truax Trail but it is very close to the Northern Nez Perce Trail in this location. However, the Bird-Truax Trail stayed near the ridges to the south of Howard Creek and the old trail went into the meadow, crossed the creek, and went up its north side to the first saddle west of Howard Creek.
19. Harlan makes a great attempt to justify his decision about the direction of flow of Howard Creek. Had he obtained a copy of the Thwaites edition of the Lewis and Clark journals, he would have known that the journals say they camped at a "small branch passing to the right," a description that fits both Moon Creek and Howard Creek.
20. There is a saddle about a mile eastward from Howard Camp that the old trails ran through. The Motorway now runs through it, but on the westward side, above the Motorway, are the trail treads that Harlan saw.
21. This is the first saddle directly east of the saddle at Howard Camp. It is a small narrow canyon that the Motorway passes through. The old trails are up on the ridge here.

22. This meadow continues to be reclaimed by timber at the upper end where the road to Horseshoe Lake Lookout crosses the creek. The meadows further down the creek and on its north side are still quite open.
23. There is little doubt that the Howard Camp area was one of the most popular in the time period after the introduction of the horse.
24. It is not certain that Howard actually camped here. This statement is often made but with little or no research to support it. Russell's research shows that Howard's camp of Friday, August 3, 1877 was at Indian Grave Camp. It is somewhat possible, but not very likely, that it was at Howard Camp.
25. There are still a large number of cut stumps on the ridge to the north of Howard Camp. The trail to Horseshoe Lake follows this ridge.
26. They went westward from Howard Camp through a low saddle and then down just above the mouth of Serpent Creek, an area called Snow Bridge Gulch in 1866, and then went up the ridge between Serpent Creek and a southern branch of Gravey Creek.
27. Harlan is correct. The party did camp at Indian Grave Camp on the evening of Wednesday, September 18, 1805 and not at the Sinque Hole, a camp site so frequently reported in the literature due to a journal transcription error that continues to propagate.
28. His name was Albert Parsons Mallickan. Harlan has the date incorrect. Albert was born about 1881 and died at age 14. This would make the date of death either 1894 or 1895. The notation "Indian Childs Grave" appears on an 1894 map prepared during a military reconnaissance after the search for the Carlin hunting party. The map is attributed to Lieutenant C. P. Elliott and is referenced as: Elliott-Loxaw 1894 *Source*: Clearwater National Forest. Supervisor's Office, Orofino, Idaho, Map Archives. Map of the Country Explored by 1st Lieutenant C. P. Elliott during August and September, 1894.
29. New cribbing has been added so that it was in excellent shape in the early 1990s.
30. The Nez Perce Prairie can be seen from Sherman Peak, but that is not the only location. The prairie is also visible from the south end of the ridge on the east side of Noseeum Meadows, from Willow Ridge, and Bowl Butte. It is uncertain where exactly they first saw it and it is even uncertain that Clark and Lewis saw it from the same vantage point.
31. Willow Ridge.
32. This is absolutely the most easterly location that can be claimed for the camp. Russell's research shows that the camp is between Noseeum Meadows and the

east face of Willow Ridge. The journal distances make the immediate area of Sherman Peak the most likely. There is abundant water on the north side of Sherman Peak and at Noseeum Meadows, south of the old trail, so the “dry” camp cannot be easily explained. The ridge immediately east of Noseeum Meadows is also a possible site. The distances given in the various journals for this day’s travel vary highly.

33. There are many old Nez Perce trails in this country. It is good that we have one noted by Harlan, however, this is not the route of Lewis and Clark as we now can determine it with the aid of modern maps and computer analysis methods.
34. None of Harlan’s description from this point on is correct. They did not go down to Willow Creek.
35. There has been a name change for Obia Creek since Harlan’s time. The creek he is calling Obia creek is now called Hungry Creek. An upper branch of Hungry Creek still retains the name, Obia Creek.
36. This is the most treacherous part of the route (my personal experience - Russell) and by not seeing it, Harlan was greatly misled.
37. There is an old trail from the top of Sherman Peak southward that was there in Harlan’s time. It went down the ridge between Sherman Creek and Willow Creek but may not have gone where Harlan looked for it.
38. Harlan is not correct, they went up Hungry Creek. Their Hungry Creek is the modern Hungry Creek (Obia Creek in 1921). Harlan is the only researcher that I know of that has them going up Fish Creek.
39. I don’t know of a meadows in this area today but meadows come and go with fire and environmental conditions. It could be that Harlan is referring to a meadow area further north up the creek.
40. This is useful information for the modern trail researcher. The trace of these trails has now been obliterated by timber harvest and the growth of heavy underbrush.
41. Toby.
42. John Work, of the Hudsons Bay Company led, a fur brigade over the Lolo Trail in 1831.
43. This is confusing because this is the date that John Mullan crossed the Lolo Trail. I believe this date to be incorrect and that He is referring to the Virginia City and Lewiston Wagon Road of 1866. We now call it the Bird-Truax Trail. It is also important to note that Sewell Truax had only a very minor roll in the building of the Bird-Truax Trail. It was Wellington Bird and George Nicholson

that played the major rolls.

44. The wagon road records do not support this statement. The Bird-Truax party used the term "Lou-Lou Fork Trail."
45. This is incorrect. The name "Lolo" was traced to a man named "Lou-Lou" who lived on Lolo Creek in Montana. The Lola Montez rumor probably got started when the 1907 Forest Map was produced and the map maker mistakenly labeled some of the route the "Lola Trail." This map would have been available to Major Fenn.
46. This is not too surprising. The Lolo Cr. in Montana was first called the Lou-Lou Fork of the Bitter Root River. This was changed by the U. S. Board of Geographic Names circa 1900. The Lolo Cr. in Idaho was probably named for the same man as being associated with the trail head to Lou-Lou Cr. It was commonplace to name creeks and trails for the destination that was desired.
47. The true name of this man has not been discovered. It is speculation that his name was Lawrence. His "familiar" name of "Lu-Lu" is still used today in Europe.
48. This is a fascinating prospect that the Bird-Truax Trail blazes were still visible in the 1920s, but I seriously doubt it. I have seen blazes made like this along the Lolo Trail and the Southern Nez Perces Trail, but they date much later and were used to mark Martin trap sets. Many of them are not directly facing the trail but facing to the right or left, which I believe was done to somewhat protect the location of the trap set. They are usually high up on the tree because they are made in winter when there is several feet of snow.
49. This is not "Capt." Bird but Wellington Bird, the Supervisor and Disbursing Agent for the Virginia City and Lewiston Wagon Road and the date was actually 1866.
50. This is not correct. The Bird-Truax Trail was a well constructed trail all the way from Weippe Prairie to Lolo Pass. Howard had to cut out the eleven-year accumulation of windfalls and brush but didn't really have to do trail construction.
51. Ralph Space also reports this find in his books but when I visited the museum in Orofino, Idaho, they could not show me one.
52. This blaze is what is now referred to as a "candlestick" blaze. Some of these can still be found on the forest but most blazes now have the lengthy blaze on the top and the notch on the bottom - the so-called boot print blaze.
53. Harlan does not intend to imply that they went to the top of McLenden Butte. I think he is telling us that they climbed to the ridge followed by the Middle Butte

Road that goes from Canyon Junction to Fish Butte and then followed it westward just at the present road does. If we follow Harlan's logic, they would then have gone over Middle Butte and Frenchman Butte, and maybe Mex Mountain.

54. Camp Moosehorn is an old road building camp on the original French Butte Road. It is about 2 miles SSW from Canyon Junction.
55. The controversy of the location of wild game, primarily Elk and Deer, is addressed by Harlan. Prior to the large fires that occurred in the first half of the 20th century, there was little game habitat along the Lolo Trail. The Carlin Hunting Party went all the way to Jerry Johnson Hot Springs and Colgate Lick to find elk. There was just not very much game in that whole country from Lewis and Clark's time to the early days of game management. The journals mention deer in the Spring Mountain area.
56. The need still exists for unobtrusive, enduring markers. Harlan's idea for rock cairns and signs did not work.
57. Indian Grave Camp has been extensively used since Harlan's time and I could find no sign of his marker either around the grave site or at the common camping place at the east end of the meadow. There is what appears to be a "monument" in the area that would have been a possible site but I cannot divulge its location.
58. This is another heavily used camping place and the monument did not survive. When the road was constructed through the area it might have destroyed the marker since the roads also go through the likely spots for markers.
59. Some research is needed to determine what is meant by "the new forest road" although it is probably the Elk Meadows Road that goes eastward from the current Visitor Center along the north edge of Packer Meadows. The CCCs were building roads in the area in June of 1935. The campsite is about 0.8 or 0.9 miles south of this road and the marker 1000 feet from the camp would put it at about 0.6 or 0.7 miles from the road. I have looked for this marker and have not "stumbled" across it because it is not on the old trails.
60. None of these markers or cairns still exist along the trail. There is no evidence that the Forest Service maintained the markers but they did salvage the Glade Creek bronze plaque that is now on display of Lolo Pass visitor center.